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ISSUE NUMBER NINETEEN

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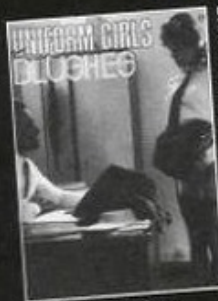
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BLUSHES ISSUE 19

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Blushes Ten

Civil liberties!
Head's secretary loses
her knickers.
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The Supplement Ten

Institutional
punishment. Knickers
down in the office.
School play caning.



Blushes Nine

More schoolgirls!
More canings!
More spankings!
More of everything!



The Supplement Nine

Prefect's punishment.
Spanking in the
Orchard. Knickers
down for the boss.



Uniform Girls Six

Nurses, schoolgirls,
a traffic warden and the
school sports captain
punished.



Blushes Thirteen

Student Librarian
brought to book. Girls,
Headmistress and
Mr Martin.



The Supplement Six

Bedroom spanking,
schoolroom caning,
Spanking 'Alfresco'



Blushes Eight

Gym lesson caning,
Reich Girl. Bedtime
Punishments and
girls in detention.



The Supplement Eight

Spanked in pyjamas.
Discipline 10 years
hence. Librarian's
punishment.



Uniform Girls Five

Convent discipline.
Two nurses, twelve
strokes. Majorette
sticks it out.



Blushes Twelve

Stable girl's spanking,
caned in the Saddle.
Schoolroom spanking
and caning.



The Supplement Five

A fresh air spanking,
Bathtime humiliation,
Bedroom caning



Blushes Seven

The Guardians' Club,
canes and piano
lessons. Bedtime
caning and lots more.



The Supplement Seven

Classroom strapping.
Headmistress wields
her cane.
Sixth form spanking.



Uniform Girls Four

Girl guide's Alfresco
spanking. The new
maid. A punishment
room caning.



Blushes Eleven

Never a bottom left
unblushed as knickers
come down in the gym,
study and bedrooms.



GIRLS' TRAINING SCHEME

part 1

'Very nice,' approved Uncle Albert. 'Very nice indeed. A real good-looker and also a nifty shape on her. Only thing is, of course...'

'Only thing is *what*?' Mrs Linda Slater, Kevin's mother, wanted to know. She herself very much approved of her son's young lady and her brother-in-law seemed to be implying some criticism. Julie of course was always careful to be on her very best behaviour where Kevin's mother was concerned. 'Are you finding *fault*, Albert?'

'No, not really. Nothing *actually* wrong at all and a very lovely girl, I'm sure. It's just that these very attractive ones *can* get a bit flighty. And there's nothing worse than a flighty young wife.'

Julie Atkins, the young lady in question, was naturally not present as this interesting conversation developed. She had been there, at the Slater family home, somewhat earlier that day, partaking of a splendid high tea and in the process meeting a number of the Slater Clan whom she had not previously met. Including Albert Musgrove, Kevin's Uncle Albert. Everyone had been most impressed with Kevin's new lady friend — with this possible exception it now seemed of Uncle Albert.

'Julie's certainly not flighty,' stated Kevin, now back in the family parlour having escorted his loved one home. His mother added. 'I should think not.'

'I'm not saying she is *now*. I'm talking about the future, when you get spliced. A young woman can get very uppity and independent then, especially if she's not been disciplined.'

'Disciplined?' Kevin questioned disbelievingly.

'Yes, discipline, my lad. Like they used to have years ago. But

they've got these places now that you can send them to. The Girls' Training Scheme it's called. Government and all above board, quite a new thing. You should look into it, Kev.'

Kevin looked sceptical. Later he asked his mother if she knew anything about it. Mrs Slater said she didn't — well, she might have heard something vaguely. Mind you, a certain amount of discipline was no bad thing, girls *could* go off the rails; she could think of one or two...

It seemed that Uncle Albert was right; he brought round some official literature the next evening. Apparently the Government had set up a pilot scheme in 1988 in response to public opinion surveys which showed widespread unease at the general level of indiscipline in the nation's youth. There was an expanded Job Training Scheme aimed primarily at young males and this Girls' Training Scheme for their female counterparts. So far the GTS was of limited size and partly experimental, operating in a number of small privately run establishments supported by Government funding.

'I would look into it, Kevin lad. Discipline is the name of the game, especially with a lovely girl like that. Well, you wouldn't want to come home unexpectedly and find her humping the milkman, would you? That's the sort of thing a lack of discipline in a young wife can lead to.'

Kevin's mother had gone out to the kitchen to make some tea, otherwise Albert Musgrove would not have permitted himself this indelicate remark. Kevin went pink.

'She wouldn't agree to it.'

'There you go you see. We're talking about *discipline*, Kev. Not asking if she'd like it.'

As it happened of course Julie's



parents were shortly going abroad for a year and there had been some suggestion that she might come and stay with Kevin's family, so the latter *could* have some say in the matter. 'Let me have a word if you don't want to,' Albert said. 'I don't see why she should object, she seems a sensible girl. I mean it'd be a nice break, a sort of holiday. Apart from the actual discipline training, of course.'

In a low aside while Mrs Slater was over the other side of the room he added, 'Remember, with a high-spirited girl it might not be only the milkman. You could find she was giving it away to all the blokes at work as well.'

Kevin felt his pulse quicken. The thought was sickening and frightening. He had certainly heard tales of girls embarking on a little promiscuity once they'd achieved the security of marriage. He was sure Julie wouldn't be like that but she *was* terribly attractive. A cutely pretty face and her stunning figure, big tits and a quite prominent sexy bottom that seemed to sway more than most girls' bottoms when she walked. No doubt men *would* be after her: a lot of men seemed to assume all redheads were hot and sexy.

Now the idea had been put in his head Kevin knew he wouldn't be happy until he had done something. And like Uncle Albert said a course of this training would greatly strengthen a girl's resolve against temptation.

Albert Musgrove took Julie out for a drink — not at all an onerous task for a man with an eye for pretty girls. He had indeed taken a real fancy to Julie but at the same time he believed what he said. Girls of that age did need a firm hand, like they used to get in the old days. That was why this new scheme was such a marvellous idea. And as it happened, with it being a matter so close to his heart, Albert knew someone who ran one of these places.

'A nice little place by the seaside. Eastbourne in fact.'

The general gist of the matter had been broached over a gin-and-tonic. Naturally it came as something of a shock to the pretty girl. 'What *sort* of training?' She fluttered her long eyelashes. Kevin's Uncle Albert was not unattractive for an older man, and he *was* Kevin's uncle.

Albert was somewhat vague as to details; but it was a recent, modern development. For *modern* girls. All the family agreed it would be just the thing. And it was only a six-week course, not a long time at all and then she'd be back with Kevin.









Julie was a bit doubtful, especially when told that Kevin would not be allowed to visit during the six weeks. It seemed that Uncle Albert would, though; for one thing he knew this Mr Milbank who ran it and also it was only the nearest and dearest, i.e. Kevin, who could not visit on account of it might cause emotional upset and interfere with the training.

'So you certainly won't be forgotten down there,' smiled Albert. In their quiet corner of the cosy pub his eyes were going over his companion in admiration and indeed excitement. Firm and vibrant young

flesh was everywhere in evidence, filling the tight blouse, the trim skirt. Flesh crying out for a taste of discipline. How marvellous it would be, right there and then, to take her over his lap. To yank up that skirt and skim down the knickers (presumably there *were* knickers). And then...Albert Musgrove shifted his position, his trousers suddenly tight. But if he couldn't do it now, and clearly he couldn't, there was a very good chance that at Stanley Milbank's...

Julie, after a second gin-and-tonic, was persuaded. Well, if Kevin's family all thought it was the

thing. Afterwards, before taking her home, Uncle Albert parked the car because there was a nice sunset. Watching the sunset and talking, Albert's hand somehow came to rest on those splendid nyloned knees. Somehow, as they sat and talked, the hand slid up. If it had been anyone else Julie would have stopped it of course but it was Kev's uncle, one of the family. Uncle Albert was really nice, really friendly, and if she had to be at this place for six weeks it was nice to know he was going to visit.

Uncle Albert said don't worry, he'd probably come down and see her after just a few days. Somehow, before they drove off, Uncle Albert's hand had got right up under her skirt. Up to the fasteners of her suspenders and then even further than that. His fingers stroking the sensitive flesh of her thighs sent little shivers through her. What was this place going to be like? And the training?

* * * *

She stood straight and still with her hands on her head. Mr Milbank had said 'Don't move a muscle.' wasn't easy especially when you had been standing here for 15 minutes or more. Something was bound to move eventually. And then...Oh Christ, the thought of the cane made her think she wanted to pee and that thought made her want to squeeze her knees together and that would be moving, and then...He was sitting in there behind her, writing, but he would see, even the smallest squeeze of her knees. Oh Christ!

Julie was in her pink silk blouse and short cream skirt. White stockings and white high-heeled courts and also white suspender belt and knickers. You could see the suspenders and also the knickers because her skirt was tucked up, front and back, into the waistband. She was in an after-lunch physical training session. Body control. She had done two of these this morning and in neither of those had she gone beyond 10 minutes before Mr Milbank decided he could detect movement. 'Our initial target we will set at 20 minutes,' he said. The clock on the wall now showed 17 minutes 10 seconds from the time she had started, so just possibly this time...if her aching arms didn't give out and the intensifying feeling of needing to pee didn't become too much...

It was her first day. That meant six times seven was 42 minus one... 41 days to go. Oh Jesus Christ.

She had arrived at the station yesterday evening, with Mr Milbank there as arranged with a red rose in his button-hole for identification. A

pleasant, kindly-looking man, a bit older than Uncle Albert. Well, he had looked pleasant and kindly. His house also, this place, just an ordinary looking house not far from the sea front. Ordinary except it had that small brass plate: *Girls' Training Scheme. Government approved premises. The bloody GTS, the diabolical GTS.*

Mr Milbank and the FTS had not shown themselves in their true colours at first. Yesterday evening had been OK, Mr Milbank charming and obliging. He had said the training wouldn't start until today. He had taken her out to a restaurant and then a nice stroll along the front. No inkling of what was to come today. Well, except just before they came back, when they had stopped and were leaning on the railings looking out to sea. All of a sudden Mr Milbank's hand was at Julie's bottom.

'Not had it dealt with at all yet, my dear?'

Having had two glasses of wine it took a little while for Julie's mind to register both the hand and his words. And really the significance of the words hadn't become apparent until this morning. It was a warm evening and she had just her dress on. Just that thin layer and of course the equally thin one of her knickers. Mr Milbank's large hand had squeezed one lightly-covered cheek.

'One could almost say you were built with it in mind, Julie.'

That also had been a bit cryptic — at the time at least. She had shivered because a man's hand there does make you shiver. She would have squirmed away except that she was stuck with Mr Milbank for six weeks. Had she known, or even suspected, what it was all about Julie certainly would not have slept a wink whereas in fact she slept quite soundly. It was only this morning, after breakfast...

The clock had got to eighteen and a half minutes. Ninety seconds and she would be safe. Surely she could manage that. Except that her arms were now killing her and so was the quite desperate need to go to the loo. What if she... *Jesus!* She could feel herself sweating but that wasn't moving. She was still holding it, holding the position and holding that...She gave a little whimpering sound. Oh please God, just...then she heard his chair scrape...

Oh Christ! Heavy footsteps.

The big hand had splatted sharply in across the seat of her tight knickers. 'Moving, Julie.'

The big hand had taken hold of her ear, pinching, twisting her head, then leading her into the room. Over to his desk. She hadn't moved, she knew she hadn't. And it was only a

few seconds to 20 minutes. Mr Milbank hadn't intended for her to get to the target. She wanted to say something. Very forcibly. But that she guessed would only make her plight worse.

'Take your knickers down.'

Of course. What else. Shivering, squirming her legs, she told Mr Milbank what she needed to do. 'You can wait,' he said. 'Hold it. This is all about self-control and discipline. Get 'em down and get over the desk.'

Making little whimpering sounds she reached for her knickers. It hadn't taken long to learn that Mr Milbank didn't like argument, or anything other than immediate compliance. She slid them down, beyond her stocking tops. 'Arms behind your back,' he barked. She did that too.

He had the cane in his hand now and it had sliced in, squarely across the plump pink buttocks. 'Learn to move faster,' he said. 'Now get down.'

Gasping she bent quickly forward, hands and forearms on the desk. The sting of the cane was killing and of course it was only the first of...how many? How could Uncle Albert and the rest of them have sent her to this dreadful place and this dreadful Mr Milbank? Did Kevin know what was happening? That Mr Milbank was caning the daylights out of her bare bottom at every opportunity. And when he wasn't doing that he had her over his lap and was beating the daylights out of her with his hand. *Girls bloody Training Scheme...*

The cane bit smackingly in, a few centimetres below the nice bright tram-lines of the first line of impact. There were five more, all equally bad, equally mind-wrenching. Six altogether, or rather seven counting that one before she was bent over. Seven mind-bending cuts, sizzling the ripe flesh of her rear like hamburger on a skillet. When it was at last over Julie, gasping for breath, felt sure she would never be able to stand up straight again.

'Stand up,' barked Mr Milbank. 'Straight, no slouching.'

And the thought came that Mr Milbank could start again given half an excuse. Julie found that yes, she could after all stand up straight. Her poor bottom, though, was killing, just killing. And certainly she would never ever be able to sit on it again.

That was no immediate problem, though, as she was not being required to sit. Mr Milbank telling her to put her hands on her head again. That awful face close up to hers, a face made even worse by the very fact that it looked so mild, friendly even.

'Getting closer to our target, eh Julie? Nice and close so I think that next time we'll have to set a bigger one. Shall we say 30 minutes?'

She thought she was going to burst into tears. That was it, he didn't *want* her to get to the target, he *wanted* to cane her every time. It was all *impossible*. Standing here with her hands on her head, with her knickers still down and her skirt still tucked up to her waist and her pussy on show to this horrible man, and her bottom just *killing* her still. Impossible: some kind of *nightmare*.

To think that Kevin and the rest of them had sent her to this place. To be *tortured*.

In all the dreadful shock of the cane Julie had somehow forgotten that earlier desperate need. It now came shooting back. Squirming her thighs together she blurted out her pressing state to Mr Milbank. He gave an owlish look, eyeing the quivering hips. For a moment she thought he was going to refuse, and then...

But maybe he was afraid of getting it all over his carpet. 'Come

straight back, young lady. No malingering in there. Then I'll have some little jobs for you.'

In the loo Julie bent over the seat, hands on knees, but not actually sitting. She *couldn't*, not with the way her bottom still felt. Like raw meat. She gasped out her relief, then pulled her knickers up over the raw meat. She left her skirt still tucked up. Earlier, in the morning, Mr Milbank had taken exception to her pulling it down without his permission. And when he took exception to something...





WAITING...

Perhaps, she thought, he wouldn't return after all. It was getting so late; quite dark. Eva wiped the condensation from the window so that she saw out more clearly. There was no one in sight. The lane bent after about a hundred yards.

Could he have had some sort of accident? The idea gave her sudden hope — but she immediately felt guilty about wishing harm to another human being. Even if it were Mr Napier who was hard and unyielding. Without compassion, it seemed.

Eva pressed her hands to her bottom, which still glowed hotly. As he had instructed, it was still bare — and must remain so until his return. Her breasts, too, were bare, though she had thrown a blouse around her shoulders. When Mr Napier finished, he always insisted she be naked. Eva had become accustomed to it — but that did not make it any less shaming.

He had spanked her harder than usual that afternoon. Why? It did not seem to her that her work had been any worse than usual. She supposed he was just in a 'mood'.

'I have to go out now,' he had said as she had stood there, with tears in her eyes, pressing palms to her burning buttocks.

'Do the work you were set over again. I shall look at it when I return.' Then, with a meaningful look, he had placed the strap on the desk at which she sat. As Eva was well aware, that leather thong hurt far more than the palm of a hand. It stung abominably. Laid over her already tender flesh it would be excruciating. She caught her

breath in apprehensive dread.

She had finished the work long ago. There was nothing more she could do about it now. The decision was in his hands. And never did there seem any rhyme or reason to those decisions. He was arbitrary; the actual quality of work seemed of little account.

Eva turned from the window and studied the written sheets again. There seemed little wrong. That made no difference. Turning back, she pressed hand to her bare breasts. Unlike her buttock cheeks they felt cold. Back out the window, she peered into the gathering gloom — and her heart gave a violent thump. Mr Napier was coming round the bend of the lane, head down against the wind.

No accident had befallen him. Within a minute or so he would be back in that room, silent and sombre as he studied her work. Eva looked at the strap on her desk and her throat went dry.

He is going to use it, she said to herself, I **know**. Tears pricked her eyes. Otherwise, he would not have left it there, in full view. Deliberately stoking up her fears. It was in his nature to do that.

Footsteps were coming up the stairs. Eva's heart thumped. Involuntarily she pressed her hands to her buttocks again. Poor, sore bottom, she whimpered inwardly.

For Eva was now certain...

The door opened abruptly and in he came. One look at those stern features, those implacable eyes, and Eva was **quite** certain...



1ST TIME

'Your first time I think,' Mr Burrell said with a little smile. Unhappy-faced Angela answered, 'Yes Sir.'

'Don't worry, it's nothing to get too upset about. Come and see me after lessons this afternoon and I'll do it then.' Mr Burrell squeezed the girl's arm. 'Run along now.' His hand leaving her arm gave the rear of her pleated skirt a brisk slap.

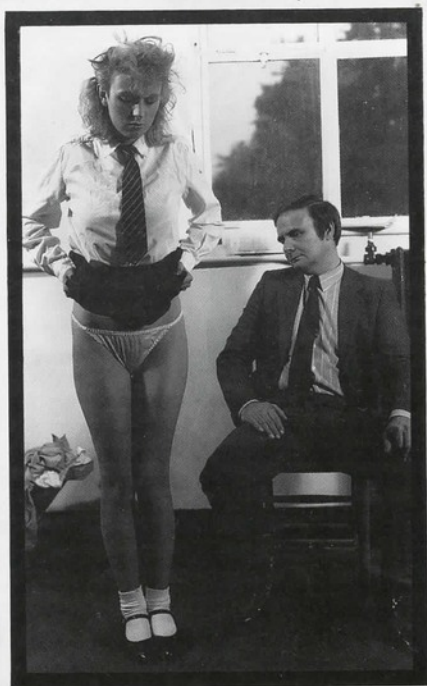
Watching her go out of his office, blonde locks jouncing, slim bottom swaying the navy skirt, Gerald Burrell enjoyed the pleasantly tight feeling in the front of his trousers. A really nice looking kid and the first time was always a keen anticipation. His hand absently rubbed over what was causing the tightness in his trousers. Mmm. It had been a great temptation to do it right away but after lessons was so much better, more time to savour the pleasure.

The hand gave another little squeeze. The only problem was it would be an awfully long time till four o'clock. He glanced at the clock. Hmm...Fifteen minutes until his class. Thoughtfully Gerald Burrell went to lock his door, then back to sit at his desk. She really was a choice young madam and if he didn't do something he would be feeling like a cat on a hot tin roof all afternoon. Gerald Burrell unzipped his trousers.

'After lessons this af? Yes I could have told you that. He likes doing it then.'

The speaker was Susan Hemsley, 16 like the new girl Angela and a fellow member of Fifth B which had Mr Burrell as its form master. Unlike Angela, though, Susan was an old hand. Angela Sellers had only been transferred to Southfield Girls School this term, three days ago in fact. Susan giggled. 'It didn't take him long to get onto you then.'

They were outside Mr Dibson's room waiting for the first lesson after lunch. 'Wha...what's it like?' Angela kept her voice low, not



wanting anyone else to hear. Well, it wasn't something you wanted to broadcast over the whole school, especially when you were new.

Susan giggled again. 'Well, you know. Not the actual end of the world but also not exactly **nice**. Not unless you like that sort of thing. Do you like that sort of thing, Angela?'

'**No!**' It came out half squeal, half whisper. 'Well I've never really **had** it.'

'Not ever?'

'Not, uh, really.' Angela pursed her lips. The big blue eyes fluttered. The thought was absolutely **beastly**. And could it be **true**? What Angela said. **That Mr Burrell took your knickers down?**

It was such a horrible thought that she didn't really want to think about it but at the same time she **did** want to question Susan some more. Susan who, according to her own account, had had it 'quite a few times.'

'I'm afraid he fancies me,' Susan had said. 'And I shouldn't be surprised if he fancies you. He likes blondes.'

But further discussion of what was to happen at four o'clock was prevented by the arrival of Mr Dibson. He opened his door and let them all in. Mr Dibson was older than Mr Burrell who would be about 40. Susan had said that only your own form master was supposed to do it to you, except of course for the Head. But Mr Dibson or any other master could report you to your form master and Mr Burrell would then do it.

'They've got it all worked out between them, I know,' Susan had said. 'You know, Dibson reports girls in Mr Burrell's form to him and vice versa. That way they can keep up a steady supply.'

The lesson went OK, though, and there was no cause for Mr Dibson to report either Angela or Susan. One girl was told to see Mr Dibson after lessons. She was Joanne Limbury and she was in Mr Dibson's own form, Fifth C. 'She'll be getting it,' Susan said afterwards.

'I bet Sharkey was just waiting for you and I bet old Burrell put him up to it,' Susan said a bit later. They were crossing the quad to their next lesson. Mr Sharkey was the school caretaker and he was the one responsible for Angela's four o'clock appointment with Mr Burrell. He had caught her yesterday running down a corridor, afraid she was going to be late for a class because she'd forgotten a book. Mr Sharkey had stopped her and pinched her arm. 'Come and see me after class,' he had growled. 'And don't forget it.'

A girl had told her where to go, to





his little room down next to the boiler. Mr Sharkey was oldish and seemed not to have shaved very recently. 'An old lag,' Angela said. His beady eyes had gone carefully over Angela: the softly pretty face and also the slim, quite tall form in the new school uniform. Then he had gone on about how he spent all his time polishing the floor only to have girls heedlessly running on it and ruining all his work. 'I'll 'ave to report it of course. Mr Burrell's form, is it?'

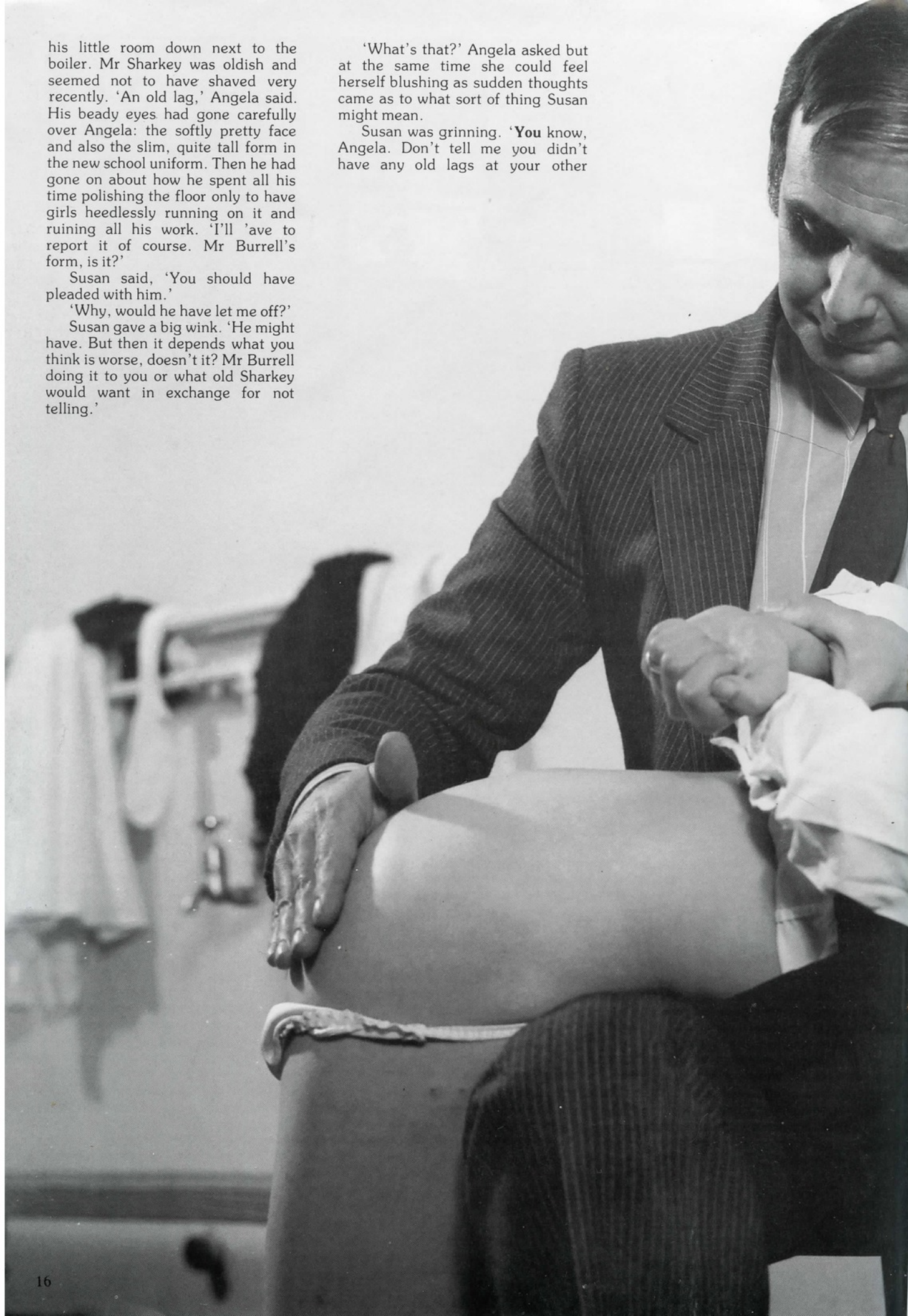
Susan said, 'You should have pleaded with him.'

'Why, would he have let me off?'

Susan gave a big wink. 'He might have. But then it depends what you think is worse, doesn't it? Mr Burrell doing it to you or what old Sharkey would want in exchange for not telling.'

'What's that?' Angela asked but at the same time she could feel herself blushing as sudden thoughts came as to what sort of thing Susan might mean.

Susan was grinning. 'You know, Angela. Don't tell me you didn't have any old lags at your other







school. Caretakers and gardeners and the like, all just **itching** to get at you.'

Angela hadn't. There hadn't been any of that at her other school. There also hadn't been what Mr Burrell was going to do at four o'clock.

'Come in.' That voice that she now recognised. Four o'clock on the dot and Angela outside his door feeling decidedly shaky. The three and a half hours since she had been here at lunch time had just leapt by. For Gerald Burrell, on the other hand, the same time interval had progressed at a snail's pace. It all depended naturally on whether you were looking forward to the proceedings or not. 'Would you like a biscuit,' he asked, ushering his young visitor in and closing the door behind her.

Angela said, 'No thank you Sir.'

'No thank you Sir? I thought all 16 year old girls liked biscuits.' He reached out to lift her chin, making her look at him. 'Not nervous, are we?'

Angela blinked and bit her lip. Yes a really choice young thing: eyes quite doe-like and seemingly scared to death. Mr Burrell shifted his weight. Get down, he told a certain part of his anatomy but knowing there was no chance of it obeying. Letting go her chin his hand took hold of a slim upper arm. 'Not had it before, then, Angela?'

Blinking some more, she shook her head. His hand squeezed. 'It's not that bad, you know. It's not as if it were the cane. Only the Headmaster uses the cane here. No, it'll only be my hand.'

His hand, presumably the one that would shortly be doing it, left Angela's arm and slid down round her waist. 'OK?' he asked. No, it wasn't OK. The prospect was **diabolical**. Angela felt a desperate urge to plead with him not to do it, but she knew it wouldn't do any good, Mr Burrell was **going** to do it. 'He really likes doing it,' Susan had said. 'It's probably his favourite thing. They all really like doing it, all the masters.'

'Well, if we don't want a biscuit I suppose we may as well get started. Eh? We'll go in the changing room; that's where I usually do it. It's usually quiet in there this time of day and we can lock the door so we won't be disturbed. If I try and do it in the office there's usually someone wanting to come and see. Peace and quiet is what we want, eh Angela?'

In the changing room Mr Burrell locked the door then went to sit down on a bench. Discreetly he eased the tightness of his trousers. He smiled up at his distress looking companion. 'Right, my dear, skirt up please.'

Angela swallowed, her mouth

suddenly all dry. She just remembered that the knickers she had put on in the morning were extremely brief ones. If she had known...not that it would have made a lot of difference. He takes them down, Susan had said.

Mr Burrell squirmed on his seat. 'Up, Angela.' Something else was already up. Quivering. 'Right up, Miss. As high as you can.'

Oh yes! Really lovely long legs, thighs slenderly coltish; above, the slim, girlish buttocks only partially covered by sexily brief pants. All quite utterly mouth-watering. Gerald Burrell's quivering centre threatened precipitate action.

'Come closer,' he croaked.

Gerald Burrell's hot eyes drank in the full bulge of her pussy only inches away. Oh my! His hands came out to her trembling hips, to turn her. The trim bottom now, equally blood-poundingly close. His stiffened penis was going wild with excitement. Somewhat shaky fingers reached in the narrow sides of the knickers, tugging them down. Her flesh felt red hot. He turned her again, sideways and facing. Completing the tugging down his hand slid over the furry nest. Angela gave a garbled squeal.

Then she was down over his lap, her soft weight firmly on top of that frenzied beast champing at the bit. Manoeuvring her into just the right position it almost exploded. He gritted his teeth, and made a slight moaning sound. Then his hand slammed down, jolting into the tender flesh. A yelping squeal from Angela, the breath abruptly knocked out of her lungs.

It was just the most awful thing, unbelievably awful. He was really **belting** her, it seemed hitting just as hard as he possibly could, but perhaps even more than that was the very fact of what was happening. Being over his lap like this with her knickers down and her bottom bare. His awful hand coming into repeated and dreadfully intimate contact. And there was also something **else**. Angela could feel that big bulge right under her. As she squirmed and writhed under the efforts of that awful hand the bulge seemed to wriggle too...

Halfway through Mr Burrell grabbed the arm which had come up behind her in a frantic attempt at protection. Grabbed it and twisted it over behind her back. And then he yanked her right up, fully over his spread legs so that her feet were right off the floor. The dreadful spanking continued. Up above the writhing bottom Gerald Burrell's face was getting very red, his teeth clenched as if he were engaged in some fierce battle. Then abruptly his

breath hissed out. Followed by gasping little moaning sounds. He rolled his eyes. Beneath the distraught girl things were happening. Fireworks. Or perhaps a rocket going off.

'Did he get a big hard-on?' Susan's eyes were shining, her voice sharp with excitement. Angela didn't answer. It was only some 15 minutes from leaving the changing room and she was still in something of a state, her breath still getting caught in little sobbing sounds from time to time. Susan, in a low whisper asked, 'Did he **come**?'

Susan, none too experienced in such matters, bit her lip. She certainly didn't want to think about such things. 'I...Is it true...Wh... what he said?' she stuttered. 'A...about the cane?'

For her second offence a girl got the cane from the Head. A spanking first from her form master and then he took her to the Headmaster for a caning. That was what Mr Burrell had told her after he'd finished spanking. Standing on legs that felt like rubber and holding onto Mr Burrell for support. Her skirt fallen back down into place but her knickers still down and Mr Burrell's hand up under the skirt claspings what he had just so devastatingly dealt with. As she struggled for breath he had carefully explained it.

'It hurts of course, the Headmaster makes sure it hurts, but it's excellent training for a girl, excellent discipline.'

'Yes, well I didn't know it was a school **rule** but if that's what he said...I expect the Head likes to get

at a new girl as soon as he can, just like Mr Burrell. He can really sting you with that cane, Angela. Cripes! It makes what old Burrell does seem like **nothing at all**.'

Angela felt quite faint at the thought. And she also felt quite faint the next day, at break, when Mr Sharkey stopped her in the corridor. He said he had seen her running again. She **hadn't** been running, she had hardly even been walking fast. 'Running on my polished floor,' Mr Sharkey repeated. 'Come an' see me at lunch time.'

'I **wasn't** running and you **can't** report me!' In his little room again Angela was very near to tears. 'Mr Sharkey coming close smelt of horrible pipe tobacco. 'I got to,' he growled. 'We got to 'ave proper discipline with you girls.'

Frantically she remembered what Susan had said. 'Plead with him. He **might** let you off.'

'What?' queried the grizzled old caretaker. 'Did I 'ear you right?' He pulled her to him. The combination of the tobacco and Mr Sharkey himself was overpowering. Her not-big tits crushed up against his shirt. Down below there was another of those bulges. 'Are you asking me not to report an offence?'

His free hand, the one not pressing her close to him, was grabbing up her skirt at the back. Then fumbling at her knickers. 'Is that what you're doing, young Miss?'

Angela told herself to keep her mind firmly on that cane. The Head's cane. Compared to that **anything** else was acceptable.



GIRLS' TRAINING SCHEME

part 2





Back in his room he had his jobs for her. Skivvying. Hoovering the floor, dusting, polishing some brass. Julie hated housework and in her own home with an indulgent mother had virtually never done any. Now she was doing it for Mr Milbank, like it or not. And in fact when you had just had the cane and you could easily imagine yourself getting it again at the merest whim of Mr Milbank, well, it didn't seem *too* bad.

Her tormentor was never far away. Ever ready to splat his big hand in on that suffering bottom if he thought he could detect any slacking — or maybe simply because he felt like it. Weakly Julie thought of Uncle Albert. If he did come she could plead with him. Maybe he could take her away, maybe he





didn't realise quite what this place and this Mr Milbank were like. Uncle Albert *had* said he would come very soon.

Mr Milbank finally called a halt to the skivvying and told Julie to make some tea. It seemed this GTS business was basically an excuse to get a free servant, a maid, who you were free to viciously cane whenever you felt like it. Don't think about it, Julie told herself, or she just might burst into tears and at 19 you would rather not do that.

She was permitted to have some tea with Mr Milbank, in his sitting room, but she wasn't sure she really wanted it. Not sitting there like she was, next to him on his settee, with her skirt still tucked up round her waist. With Mr Milbank's big hand coming firmly down on her bare thigh above the stocking top. That hand which kept viciously smacking her poor bum, and which wielded that fiendish cane...

Mr Milbank started on a lecture about discipline and training for girls. How desirable it was and how lucky Julie was to have this opportunity. She kept silent. If she said anything like what she was thinking it would *certainly* get her another caning *immediately*. Mr

Milbank's hand was squeezing and stroking her thigh and also fiddling with the suspender strap. As his homily continued his fingers seemed to become curious about the suspender fastener. Suddenly, as his fingers found the catch, the taut elastic was released.

At that instant there was the sound of the front door bell. Mr Milbank gave a squeeze to Julie's upper thigh and raised his eyebrows. Yes, she was to go and open the door to whoever it was — Julie knew this because she had had to do it in the morning. Naturally, because wasn't she just the maid for the next 42 days, completely at his beck and call?

She got to her feet and made to refasten the loose suspender. 'Did I tell you to do that, young woman?' Mr Milbank barked. 'Go to the door, at once.'

At the front door she could think of nothing except her appearance before this stranger: her skirt round her waist and one suspender dangling loose. She opened the door and, flushing, said 'Come in, please', but she forgot the other thing. The man followed her into the sitting room: Mr Milbank's age, bald with glasses.

'Ah Henry, there you are. I was expecting you of course. Have a seat. Oh but first have a look at my new pupil. Julie Atkins: just beginning her training. I trust she produced a ladylike curtsy when she opened the door?'

This other man looked at Julie and pursed his lips. Slowly, smiling slightly, he shook his head. Julie swallowed. No, she hadn't. Although Mr Milbank had drummed it into her in a morning session. 'When you open the door, Julie, you will *always* curtsy. Have you got that?'

She had accompanied her 'Yes Mr Milbank' with a sharp squeal because to drive the message home his cane had whistled smartly in across her calves. But at the door Julie had been thinking only about what she looked like.

'No, Stanley, I am afraid she did not,' said this man Henry. Grinning, he reached out to the front suspender that was still fastened. Finger and thumb pulled it away from the soft flesh — several inches — and then let go. Julie yelped out as it catapulted back against her thigh like a hornet's sting.

Mr Milbank's eyes narrowed, his mouth became a thin line. She felt a sudden empty void in her stomach. It had been no time at all since that last dreadful caning, but...there wasn't much doubt...

'Take your knickers down and place your hands on your head,' pronounced Mr Milbank.

Pulse now racing again, Julie's hands fumbled. Yes, it was coming all right. She dragged them down, from a bottom that still bore those recent cane marks. Her hands went up, on her head. 'Come here,' said Mr Milbank. 'Close to Mr Kingway. Stand so that he can see your bum.'

Julie stood in front of Mr Kingway who was now seated. Her bottom was very close to his face, after sharp urgings from the horrible Mr Milbank. Mr Kingway took hold of it, juggling a red-striped cheek.

'You're doing a very good job, Stanley, I can see that. There was certainly no sign of a curtsy, though.'

'I can see I'm going to have to drive that message home,' said Mr Milbank. 'A bit more firmly.'

Mr Kingway did some more playing about with Julie's bottom. It was highly unpleasant but all she could think of was *the cane*. Shortly Mr Milbank told her to go and stand by the doorway. 'Keep your hands on your head and keep perfectly still.'

At least this Henry Kingway's hand wasn't crawling over her bum now. The two men were still eating cakes and drinking their tea.



'I suppose, ah, she'll get a little chastisement for that omission, Stanley?'

'Right after we've had our tea,' Mr Milbank declared. 'And not so little either. It could be I'm not whacking her hard enough. It could perhaps be she regards this as some kind of holiday camp.'

Julie, shaking at the knees, heard Mr Kingway go on to inquire what position Mr Milbank put her in for a caning. 'Over the desk, eh?' the visitor pondered. 'Mmm...why not up *on* the desk: kneeling on her hands and knees? I've tried that with a couple of my girls and it seems they don't like that position *at all*.'

Julie could have told him that she didn't like it bent over the desk *at all*. It was diabolical. But she didn't. If you thought about it, though, kneeling up on the desk *was* if possible even worse. She didn't want to think about it, but Julie found that now he'd said it it wouldn't go out of her head. The more she thought about it the more...she felt herself begin to sweat.

The two dreadful men eventually stopped feeding themselves and got up. Mr Milbank repeated that Julie was not to move and Mr Kingway had to push by her to get through the doorway. As he did so he squeezed one of the big boobs that were thrust provocatively out by her raised arms. 'Just going to get a little something for you, Julie.' He went out to his car.

He returned a few minutes later. In the meantime Julie had been smacked hard on her bottom by Mr Milbank and turned round so that now she stood facing out into the hallway. Facing Mr Kingway as he came back. He was smiling. Just then Mr Milbank's cat Moggy walked by. 'What a lovely pussy,' declared Henry Kingway. His hand reached out — and it was not to Moggy.

With a great effort Julie kept her hands on her head. Still smiling and still holding what his hand had reached out for, Mr Kingway's other hand held something up. A two-tongued stiff leather strap.

'Yes; let's try it up on the table,' said Mr Kingway not much later. 'Give her something soft to kneel on, I mean we are not sadists, are we?' A cushion was placed on one side of the desk. Julie was being told to get up on it, kneel on the cushion and put her hands and forearms down on the other end of the desk.

Could this really be happening?

Mr Kingway's quite bland voice: 'Why don't I give her a bit of a warming up first with my strap, Stanley; then you finish her off with the cane?'

'Finish her off' would no doubt

be accurate. Julie felt sick — from being up in this awful position and maybe even more from what was to come. A frantic, frightened little moan escaped her full lips. How *could* this be happening. How *could* this be a place with Government approval? If they could do these things to you when you hadn't *done* anything. If only Uncle Albert would come and...

CRACK!...

Henry Kingway, a gleam in his eyes, had laid in with the first splat of that board-hard leather. On top of the recent caning it felt like it was red hot. With a high-pitched yelp Julie's body swung forward. Stanley Milbank grabbed her shoulders and pushed her back upright. The fearsome strap cracked in again on Julie's once more out-thrust buttocks.



SINS OF THE FLESH

She lay on the plain, hard bed, wearing a simple white nightgown, looking up at a dim ceiling light. The walls of the cubicle were of pine wood, painted white. To her left and to her right were other cubicles. And silence. Or virtual silence, anyway. Just the occasional, breathless cry of someone in a dream. The time, she guessed, was somewhere between three o'clock and five o'clock in the morning. The time, it has been said, when the human spirit is at its lowest ebb.

Teressa certainly felt very low. Earlier, she had been crying, but that had now ceased. She longed for the peace of sleep but her mind was too active for it to come.

It was going to happen in the morning. That was what she had been told. Of course, her main hope, still, was that it had been something said to frighten her. A bluff, that was what it was called. It would not really happen. Yet, it was something said to frighten her into deeper, submissive obedience.

But one never quite knew. The Sister had seemed most seriously concerned about it. 'My child, you **know**, you have most grievously sinned. There must be retribution.'

'I...I **now** know that I have sinned, Sister. But I did not understand. It was a simple matter of pleasure. Like laughter. Or a glass of water when one is thirsty.'

'It was a simple matter, you say. However, it was a sin of the flesh.'

Teressa had found herself colouring, yet not quite knowing why. She had not known it was a sin. She should have been instructed. 'My child, when I was your age — ten long years ago now — I committed the self-same sin. And suffered for it.' The pale, round, sexless face had looked upon her kindly. 'I have not sinned in that way since. So it was right that I made retribution; as you will in due time.'

Teressa had felt the agitation of her heart and inner spirit. It had not seemed wrong. Simply joyous. A gift from the Lord. 'What will happen, Sister?'

A long silence; the gentle hands upon her shoulders. 'You will be birched, Teressa.'

'B-birched...I do not...quite...I think...understand...'

'To be birched, my child, is to have the twigs laid across your flesh. It induces pain. Severe pain. That is a way of making retribution.' The Sister had looked at her kindly. 'You must understand that it is a tradition in our Faith. Over the centuries, the birch has subdued the fires of the flesh.'

'I do not understand, Sister...'

'No, perhaps you would not yet. You are but sixteen years. But you must be brought to understand that what you have done is the work of the Devil. It was wicked, Teressa.'

'If you say so, Sister.'

'I must tell you that it is. So you must suffer. And never do it again.'

'If that is the wish of our Faith...'

'It is.'

'What will happen, Sister?'

'I have already told you, Child. You will be birched.'

'But...but how...and when? I am so confused. So frightened.'

'Yes...yes...I understand.' She had paused, holding her in a comforting clasp. 'The Abbot will birch you.'

'O-ohh...oh no...' It had been a shock wave going through her. 'Him? Oh...I cannot believe...oh no...'

'It is a tradition of our Faith. I have told you. You must try and understand child. Accept. Submit.'

'Oh Sister...how will it be? How will it happen?'

'You will be birched upon that place which, in the female anatomy, is most suitably designed for it. Upon your naked hindquarters, Teressa. You will suffer, but you will sustain no permanent damage. Merely a few days of discomfort.'

She had felt herself shrinking inside; one moment flushing hot, the next freezing. 'You mean...he...the Abbot...will lay the twigs over my...my bared flesh?'

'Yes, Teressa. As he did with me. For the same sin.'

'I...I cannot bring myself to...to believe it. Such a monstrous thing to do.' She had felt her cheeks flushing crimson. 'Oh...the immodesty of it!'

'The Abbot is a man of the Spirit,' the Sister had replied. 'He is not concerned with things of the Flesh. Though he must subdue it. In time, as I did, you will come to understand. And submit as you must. Now go, my child, and pray.'

Teressa had prayed. Two long nights. Now she lay in her cubicle, cold and fearful. It was to be on the morrow. Yet still, in her heart, she would not let herself fully believe it. The Abbot seemed such a kindly man. Surely he would not treat her thus? All the more so since she had not understood that what she had so simply done had been a sin. He would talk to her; take her confession. Give her forgiveness. The Sister, kind as she was, could not be right. Perhaps she had been directed by the Abbot to act in this way. It was a further discipline in the life she had chosen. In her vocation.

If only she could sleep. That would help. To forget for a little while would have been bliss. Not to have to worry or wonder. Teressa clasped her hands tight to her quaking belly and shuddered.

It couldn't be true!

Surely not...

'The novitiate will be brought to you at nine this morning, Brother Abbot.'

'I am aware of that, Brother Anselm.' The Abbot plucked a grey hair from his habit. There were not many grey hairs left, since he was mainly bald. He ran a hand over his pate. It felt as smooth and cold as a billiard ball. Yet, inside him, in his vitals, a little fire was glowing.'

'You would wish me to be in attendance, Brother Abbot?'

'I would not, Brother Anselm.' He gave the cadaverous creature who acted as his deputy, a sour look. 'This is a delicate matter which is best dealt with in the strictest privacy.'

'I understand, Brother Abbot.' It must be said that Brother Anselm looked as sour as the Abbot; yet far more frustrated.

'Leave me. I have matters to attend to...'

'Yes, Brother Abbot.'

'Above all, I must pray for this girl's soul.'

'Of course, Brother Abbot.' He turned and left the stone-walled chamber. Though he was a devout man, he sometimes had inwardly to confess that he had doubts about his superior. It appeared to him, from time to time, that it was a case of the spirit being willing and the flesh too weak.

He sighed. Even the thought was a sin.

'Come in, my child, and stand by the window.' The Abbot rose from his chair, features solemn but not unkind. 'You may go, Sister.' The wide door closed softly. They were alone in the tall room. Though its walls were of stone, it was warm and comfortably furnished, the carpets

thick.

Teressa, feeling as if she were made of jelly, stood in the light, trying to control the throbbing terror in her mind. She was in the Abbot's study. Within the inner sanctum of power.

It was the moment which had occupied her imagination for two whole days. Now it was here. She tried to pray, but nothing came. She felt half paralysed.

'Sister has told me of your sin,' said the Abbot in a quiet voice.

'I...I did not understand, Father...'

'That is a possibility, child. However, it does not take away the sin.' He came closer, increasing her terror. 'It has happened before; it will happen again. The Devil is always at work.'

'I...I beg forgiveness, Father. I...I did not know...'

'In time, you will be forgiven, my child. But before that there must be retribution. That is the way of our Faith.'

'O-oh...oh...must it be so?' Teressa's voice was several octaves higher. So it had **not** been a simple threat. Not a bluff. What had been stated was the **truth**! She felt suddenly faint...and swayed, hand to her cold brow.

'Here, my child...drink this.' Teressa found a beaker at her lips, then an over-powering sweet spirit was pouring down her throat, half choking her. Yet, at the same time, restoring and strengthening her. On these occasions, the Abbot was glad to make use of such ancient herbal remedies. So fortifying. 'The sin must be assuaged,' he said.

'M-must? Oh...oh Father...sp-spare me!'

'**Must**,' said the Abbot. He placed an arm around young shoulders. 'You are aware child, are you not, that **obedience** is one of the fundamentals of our Faith?'

'Y-yes, Father...'

'Then you will obey now. In this matter of retribution. Understand that clearly. You will **obey**.'

'Yes, Father.' Teressa found the spirit she had drunk was somehow calming her, even though she felt rather light-headed.

'It is necessary, for this sin, that you be birched, child. **Necessary**, you must understand. The flesh has to be mortified.'

'Y-yes...Father...'

'Very well then, Teressa. You will now kneel on this chair and you will raise your habit, so that your hind-quarters are bared ready to receive the twigs.'

The Abbot saw the colour flooding into those pale cheeks. Well, that was understandable enough. She was so very young. Yet, even with the Sisters — far older — it was the same. They were so fleshly minded.

'I must, Father?'

'I have told you, Teressa.' He watched with satisfaction as the girl moved to do his bidding. Up on to the chair, head drooping. Then slowly, slowly, raising her grey habit. First the calves. Then the slim white thighs. Finally the tight-curving, young buttock cheeks. So perfectly formed; so milky white. The ideal place upon which to exact retribution.

He must think of nothing else...

Not think upon those young female secrets which must, perforce, be exposed by this action. That was fleshly and what he had to do was to mortify the flesh. He could not commit the same sin of lust.

Could he?

It was too late to pray for strength and guidance. He must proceed. The soft, ivory-white bottom awaited, quivering softly. Its dread so apparent. It was a rather piteous sight. But then, one must suffer for sin. Slowly he walked to a cabinet, opened it and, from an iron canister containing water, removed the birch. It was a new one, quite green, with perhaps a dozen slim twigs, tied together with cord to form a handle. He gripped it; watching the water drip to the carpet. Those twigs would be very supple.

They would bite keenly.

'My child...you must be very brave. Pray for strength. And remember, all the time, that the flesh **must** be subdued. By pain, if need be.'

No reply came; only a harsh sob. The soft bottom flesh twitched. Oh how white it was! A condition which, in moments would disappear. The Abbot raised the birch high and brought it slashing down.

The girl was astonishingly courageous. For the first five strokes, she remained kneeling on the seat, fiercely clutching the back supports of the chair. As the twigs bit, her head would be thrown up and back and a pitiful, high-pitched gasping cry would burst from her. The Abbot was aware that he was not using the full force of his arm — as he would have done on an older sinner — but it had to be remembered that this was the girl's first taste of true pain. At least, he assumed so. Yes...he was impressed. Perhaps, he thought, she is receiving added strength because she has convinced herself she **deserves** to be punished. That it is God's will.

At the sixth stroke, maybe a little harder, the young bottom gave an even more convulsive series of squirms as the slim twigs splayed and slashed flexibly...and for the first time, the small white hands lost their grip on the back of the chair and came flying back to press to lacerated flesh.

'Yes, my child, it burns, does it not? That is how it must be. It makes one repent of any sins, does it not?'

'Mmmfff...mmmfff...oh...yes...yes...Father...'

'You must yet receive six more strokes, my child.'

'O-ohhh...no...Father...spare me...I can endure no more!'

'**Must**, Teressa. You recall what I told you concerning obedience. Come, lift your habit high again and let us proceed with this mortification.' She would obey, he knew, despite the torment. The young obeyed those in authority in an enclosed society. They were in awe of them. He nodded approvingly as the habit rose again. The rounded nates flinched and twisted; they were beginning to look very sore. She was going to suffer a good deal before the end.

So it was. From now on, Teressa lost her grip on the chair back after every stroke. Sometimes she twisted right off the chair, down on her knees on the floor, sobbing her heart out, beseeching him to spare her. Promising she would never, never sin again. He wondered about that. It remained to be seen. The Devil was a formidable opponent. The Abbot would wait patiently, allowing the girl to come to terms with the ever-increasing pain before resuming her place on the chair, with habit pulled waist high. Then, once more the flailing twigs would bite mercilessly.

When it was at last over, the girl seemed to have difficulty in standing. But for the herbal stimulant she would surely have fainted. The Abbot blessed her...and forgave her her sin. Then she was dismissed.

Half an hour later, the Sister who had detected Teressa's original sin was standing before the Abbot's desk. 'You were responsible for the conduct of that child,' he said gravely. 'It seems to be you have grievously erred, Sister Elspeth. Sins of omission.' The round-faced Sister remained silent, head bowed, appearing calm. Yet there was a storm of apprehensive dread raging within her. 'It leaves me no alternative but to treat you in the same way as that child. Twelve strokes of the birch, Sister.' A gasp, an imploring look. But Sister Elspeth knew all about obedience, too. Without further instructions, she moved to the chair, knelt upon it and lifted her coarse, brown habit.

Returning from his cabinet with a fresh birch, the Abbot was well gratified by the sight which met his eyes and the degree of obedience. Compared with the novice Teressa, Sister Elspeth's hindquarters were, to say the least, ample. And, as he was already aware, she was experienced and strong enough to take the full weight of his right arm.

WEE WILLIE

Jackie had been ringleader in the trick played on Dr Gessler. Not a really unpleasant trick: what they had done had been to write to one of those firms advertising hair restoring treatments and giving Dr Gessler's name. Dr Gessler of course was bald as a coot so it was a real laugh or so they had thought when Jackie had the idea of doing it. It had worked all right with the representative coming to the school, which was the address they'd given. Mrs Roberts, school secretary, told then afterwards that Dr Gessler had been extremely embarrassed when the rep was shown into the staff room.

The Head really raised a stink and threatened to give the whole school detentions until the culprit came forward. Jackie then did the decent thing and owned up, and in fact took full responsibility although her friends Gillian and Emma had been in on it as well. She got a real rollicking from Mr Mingley, who told her it was a highly unpleasant thing to do, highly irresponsible for a member of the Sixth Form, and extremely discourteous to their guest. Plus a lot of other stuff as well. Jackie, when she finally got out of the Head's study, was feeling about three foot tall.

She had of course to go and apologise to Dr Gessler. By this time she was certainly thinking that it had not been such a good idea after all.

Dr Gessler was an exchange teacher from Germany, with them for the term to work on his English. He was a little bit scary for apart from that bald head he had sharp, darting eyes behind his big round glasses giving him a sort of sinister appearance. Dr Goebbels, some girls called him. Also Emma said she had seen a film

once with a horrible sadistic torturer in it and he had looked just like Dr Gessler/Goebbels.

In fact, in spite of looking at Jackie in that scary way he had, Dr Gessler had been all right about it. 'One of your little English schoolgirl jokes, I think,' he said and laughed, showing his teeth. Then he had got up from his desk and came close and given Jackie's arm a little pinch.

'You know, I think what is needed is more discipline here, as we have with girls in Germany.'

Jackie had said sorry again and then scurried out. It was a relief it hadn't been worse. Emma, when Jackie told them, wondered what he meant by discipline. Gillian said, 'I think girls get beaten in Germany. You know, the cane or birch or something. I bet that's what he'd really like to do to Jackie.' Jackie made a face and Emma said 'Cripes!' What Jackie got in fact was detentions for two weeks plus having to do chores for Mr Budger, the caretaker, at lunchtimes for two weeks as well. And that was the end of Jackie's little trick.

Except that it wasn't. Dr Gessler went back at Easter. Two weeks later Jackie got a letter, or rather her parents did. From Dr Gessler saying he would like Jackie to visit. There was also a letter to the Headmaster saying the same thing, and suggesting the last two weeks of term. Mr Mingley said it was a





marvellous opportunity and it also showed that Dr Gessler had no hard feelings about what Jackie had done; so really she **must** go. And her parents, when Mr Mingley got on the phone to them, were of the same opinion: it would be a tremendous opportunity for Jackie. Everyone therefore seemed very keen except perhaps Jackie herself.

Jackie liked the idea of two weeks in Germany — but not necessarily the prospect of being in the charge of Dr Goebbels. He was scary and she had played the trick on him. And there was always the possibility that what Gillian had said about birching etc was **true**. However it seemed she was not to have a lot of choice in the matter and at least, when the arrangements were made, she was to stay with another girl's family. Jackie wouldn't have to stay with Dr Goebbels.

That was the arrangement. When she got there, to the airport at Munich and there he was at the barrier, those familiar darting eyes, that smooth and somehow sinister head, Jackie felt with a shiver of fright that she really was glad she'd be staying at someone else's house.

Then he told her, as they drove off in his Opel car. Patting her knee and grinning, he told her. 'I am afraid our arrangements for accommodation, Jackie, have become somehow unfixed. The Schlessor family whom you were to stay with have had unfortunately to go away.' A little squeeze at her knee.

'And so with nothing else to do in short notice I shall therefore provide accommodation at my own house. There is no problem as I have plenty of space.'

It was a bombshell. What could you say — or do? Nothing. He could easily have planned it all along so that she wouldn't be scared off and not want to come. Jackie could feel her skin prickling all over. **Two weeks staying with Dr Goebbels!** The hand which had left her knee to go to the steering wheel came back down again and gave another intimate squeeze.

'I think this will mean we shall become very well acquainted with each other, eh young Jackie.'

Jackie's heart was thumping now, her head full of frantic thoughts. Acquainted...with what? With the birch and the cane? Or with some unnamable instrument of torture (she could vividly remember what Emma had said about that film). All at once she found herself babbling out about the trick: how sorry she was and she hadn't really **meant** to do it. 'Please I really, really am sorry,' she gasped out.

She was grovelling, she knew,

but she couldn't help it. All of a sudden she was **scared to death**. What would she find in his house? Birches and canes and straps? Or even...those other things...?

Dr Gessler listened patiently through her abject grovelling, then smiled.

'I think the problem is, Jackie, that with very pretty girls they are not so well disciplined. Because of their prettiness they I think are often treated indulgently and so they do



not get good discipline. This is very unfortunate and it is not really their own fault. But I think that if someone can see this situation then he is really doing this pretty girl a good favour if he then gives her discipline. Do you agree with that?

It was typically Dr Gessler: wordy and a bit convoluted, but he was talking about **discipline** all right.

'You are of course a very pretty girl, Jackie. I know that is certainly what I think when I am at St Margaret's School. Perhaps even the prettiest girl in the school. And also a very nice shape. Firm muscles. I watch you on some occasions playing at hockey and I must confess to find it very pleasant to see those strong thighs when you are chasing after the ball so energetically, with your skirt flying so high.'

Jackie flushed. She had seen Dr Gessler watching hockey practice, as did some of the other masters, but now it seemed he had been specifically watching **her**. Her legs in fact.

'But then, Jackie, this so attractive English girl with those lovely thighs plays her excellent trick on the poor visitor from Germany who has that unfortunate bald head. I expect all her friends think it is a really marvellous trick, eh? And

some of the teachers no doubt also think the same.'

'No,' blurted Jackie. 'No, it wasn't. It was, uh, infantile and in very poor taste and I **shouldn't have done it**.'

Dr Gessler was smiling again. 'But as I say, Jackie, it wasn't really your fault because you have not I think had the proper discipline training. Proper discipline is a marvellous thing for a girl.'

Jackie didn't answer. There was no answer. You couldn't say you didn't agree with discipline but on the other hand she was certainly not going to say she wanted it. Could they really have those awful things - birches, canes - over here?

About half an hour's drive and they were at Dr Gessler's place. For part of the time Jackie had been asking what she thought were intelligent questions about this part of Germany, hoping to impress him favourably. Dr Gessler answered but Jackie couldn't tell if he was impressed. She could all too easily picture him wielding some dreadful instrument of punishment.

Dr Gessler's house was out in the country, 20 minutes drive into the town where the school was, he said. It was an old house surrounded by its own grounds, a very attractive place if you looked at it objectively. But Jackie wasn't looking at it objectively. It was Dr Gessler's house — Dr Goebbels' house — and an old place like this would surely have secret passages, rooms. Rooms where unspeakable things could be done to innocent English girls. She shuddered as Dr Gessler took her arm and ushered her in across the threshold. The thought of being alone with him in this place made her want to **scream**.

Then as she thought this a door opened and someone else was there. A lady, middle-aged with a pleasant, rosy-cheeked face. 'Here is Frau Lindmann,' said Dr Gessler, 'who is my excellent housekeeper.' Jackie could almost have **wept** with relief. There was someone else!

Frau Lindmann showed her upstairs to a cosy little room looking out onto the grounds. Suddenly things seemed quite different. She had just been being **stupid**. It was a lovely old house and there was this very nice lady here as well and clearly Jackie was going to have a super time. She had been **mad** to think about sinister secret rooms and just because Dr Gessler talked about discipline didn't mean he was going to start whipping her. Discipline meant, well, lots of things. Sitting up straight at the table for instance.

Almost light-heartedly Jackie changed from her dress into jeans. Perhaps she would have time to

explore a bit outside before it got dark. Downstairs Dr Gessler was in, the dining room. He smiled at Jackie. Really it was quite a nice smile, she told herself, not sinister or frightening.

'Ah Jackie, we must have our meal now without delay. You see it is almost time for Frau Lindmann to leave.'

To leave? Little alarm bells started ringing in Jackie's head. Dr Gessler answered her questioning look. 'Frau Lindmann only comes for certain hours. She is not, as you say, living in.'

At one stroke the reassuring world built up in Jackie's mind was destroyed. Without the continual presence of Mrs Lindmann there was no reassurance. There was only Dr Goebbels and nameless things. And discipline that did **not** mean sitting up straight in chairs.

Smiling broadly, Frau Lindmann came in with a steaming pot of something. That beaming face was shortly to be departing — leaving Jackie to the mercies of Dr Gessler through the long hours of the evening and night and until whenever she came again tomorrow. Frau Lindmann put the pot on the table and then exited, smiling still. Until Dr Gessler had spoken Jackie had been feeling hungry, now she was sure she'd be **sick** if she tried to eat.

'What do you mean, not hungry?' queried her host, now seated. 'All 17 year old girls need to eat, and especially the sporting ones.'

'No, I can't,' Jackie bleated.

'Come here then,' commanded Dr Gessler, his voice suddenly not bantering but hard. 'Come and stand next to me here.'

She stood there, shaking like a leaf. It was going to happen now, she knew it. She glanced at Dr Gessler and quickly looked away. Those shifty eyes behind the glasses were on her tits, now quite prominent in her tightish pink blouse. That time she had had to go in and apologise for the trick his eyes had been staring at her tits.

'Are we still saying we cannot eat, Miss?'

'I can't,' Jackie repeated. The way she felt she might even be sick **without** eating.

'So. We will see about that. We cannot have the little whims here, Miss. What we have is discipline. Please to take down the jeans.'

'Jackie felt her face go hot. Now she was back to seeing Dr Gessler in his true light it shouldn't have come as a surprise; but nonetheless to actually hear him say it was like a shock of cold water.

As she stood, immobile, he

repeated it, this time it seemed with perhaps a slight hysterical edge to his voice. '**Take down the jeans, Miss.** At once. We will see who plays the tricks in this house.'

Jackie's hands went to the waistband of her jeans. Then the zip. The blue denim split open to show pale flesh and a wedge of rose-pink knickers. Trying not to think she tugged the tight jeans down over womanly hips — as the bright brown eyes watched every detail.



Dr Gessler licked his lips briefly. 'That is better, young woman. Now we make progress I think. Turn please.'

She turned to present her ripe bottom in just the skimpy pink knickers. 'Come closer,' said the harsh voice behind her. Sweating, Jackie took a step backwards. Hands took hold of her, tugging the jeans down a little further. Then the hands were at her knicks. She made a croaky, ineffectual sound of protest, but the knickers came down anyway.

Behind Jackie Dr Gessler licked his lips again. He had told Jackie he had watched her legs, her thighs, on the hockey field and that was true, he had. But he had also watched out, perhaps even more eagerly, for this, her bottom, glimpsed every now and then in tight navy blue hockey pants when the pleated skirt flipped up. And once a more extended and complete view when Jackie had tripped over not too far from where he had been standing.

In those two and a half months in England, at St Margaret's, he had got quite a fixation on the pretty Sixth Former with the ripe, womanly rear. He had dreamt of somehow secreting himself in the changing-room...to watch as the sweating, laughing girls began to strip off.

There was a number of nice ones but only one who really...And then that very one had played the little trick on him...And given him the opportunity to turn dreams into reality.

His hand came out and smartly slapped one bare buttock, making the firm flesh wobble. A shocked gasp from Jackie. 'So you have never had this part of you disciplined, young lady?'

A garbled sound indicated confirmation.

'So. In Germany we are still believing in that discipline for our girls. Yes, we still believe a girl should feel it on her bottom. And so, Miss Lindley, I will now demonstrate. Not just because you do not want the excellent supper of Frau Lindmann but I think also for the general reason. You are a very pretty girl who has not been disciplined. I can assure you, Jackie, it will now be my pleasure.'

He got to his feet, and then grabbed Jackie's bottom with both hands. She squealed, but she was just being pushed away, so that he could get to the table and clear the end of it. So that...Yes, Jackie was shortly spread face-down over the starched white table-cloth, her blouse pushed well up above her waist, her jeans and underpants pulled well down. Her full bottom nicely positioned over the table's edge.

Dr Gessler, who had smacked girls' bottoms before and liked a clear and unencumbered target, took hold of Jackie's right hand and twisted it up behind her back. Her left hand was kept out of the way by wedging her arm between her body and his. His free hand couldn't resist a few preliminary jiggling fondles at the magnificent target; but then a start on the serious business. Slamming the palm of his right hand in just as hard as he could.

Jackie screamed out, and screamed out again as Dr Gessler ignored her scream and simply continued. Eyes rapt, he battered her bottom like a man in a frenzy. The silky fleshed rear, becoming blotchy red, writhed desperately but of course there was nowhere to go to escape that ever descending hand. The screams became sobs, while little beads of perspiration appeared on Dr Gessler's forehead. Straining his trousers, his penis had become engorged to perhaps a greater size than ever before. It seemed his frenzy would never stop. But at last...

Jackie was stood on her feet, not really sure of anything — where she was, who she was even. Except of course her bum: she was sure of that because it was burning **red hot**. Part of her mind, though, was aware and she was doing what Dr Gessler said:





pulling up her knickers and jeans. It was almost as if it was another person doing it.

She was sitting down and Dr Gessler was ladling something onto her plate. Stew with dumplings. She was eating it and somehow, now that Dr Gessler had actually done that impossible thing, Jackie wasn't feeling sick. In fact quite hungry. 'Is it good?' Dr Gessler asked and she mumbled Yes. Then Frau Lindmann came in, smiling as always, to say something in German to Dr Gessler. She was going now. A big smile at Jackie and gave her a big toothy

She gave him a darting glance, eyelashes fluttering like frightened birds.

It came later that evening: the second session. After an hour or so of looking through books about the town, the region, Dr Gessler's school; while he played German folk music on his record player. Then quite early, 9 o'clockish, he said proper discipline meant early to bed; but he would want to see her first, in her nightdress after she'd had her bath. Did Jackie want a night-time drink first?

With the alarm bells again

her long nightdress. Her long, kaftan nightdress. Emma, when Jackie had been packing, had said, 'Yes, take that, I mean it'll be good protection against you-know-what.' That had been Emma's little joke. It didn't seem much of a joke now.

The nightdress didn't seem much protection either as she stood in it at the top of the stairs. It might be floor length but...Then the stairs were creaking. Dr Gessler's polished dome, followed by the rest of him.

'Ah good. So, what is this, Arabic perhaps? At least not any garment underneath, I hope, Jackie?'



grin. 'So, now we have had our first lesson, eh? And there must of course be more to come!'

That was enough to put the shudders in you — except that perhaps you were too numbed by what he had done already. It hadn't been a cane or a birch, it hadn't been some fiendish instrument of torture, but it was difficult to imagine that any of those things could be worse than Dr Gessler's leather-like hand slamming into your bare bottom like that. Jackie kept her head down over her plate.

'Yes, young lady?'

ringing, Jackie shook her head. She could sense... 'Right. Shall we say in half an hour then? Wait outside my room. And please do not be late. Punctuality is part of discipline, of course.'

Jackie went to get her bath. She knew what was coming — or rather she knew that **something** was coming. Maybe this time he **would** use something else, a cane or a strap that he had hidden away and waiting for her. But **something**, she was going to get **something** all right. She got out of the bath and dried herself and brushed her hair, then put on

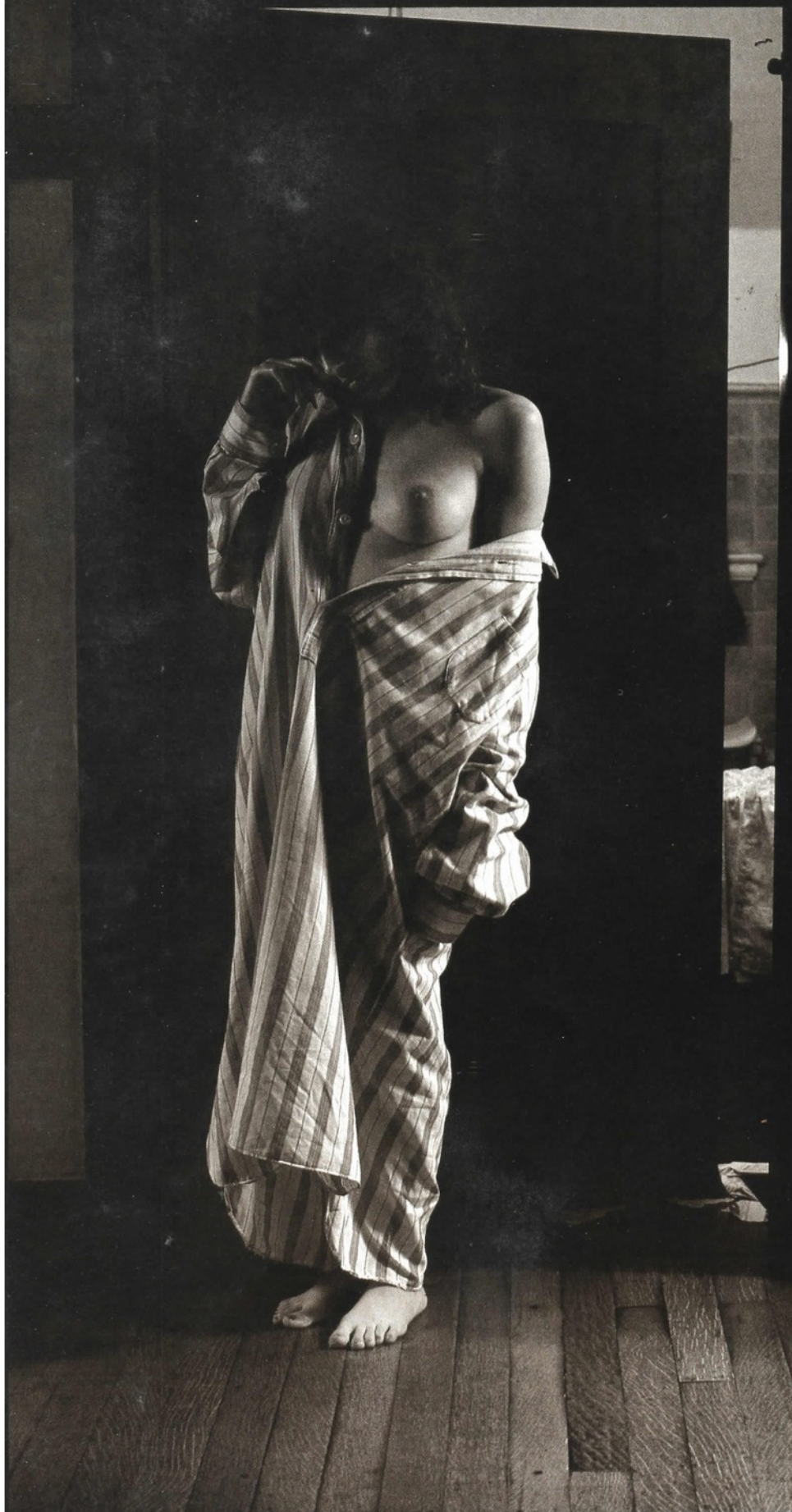
Heart-rate picking up, she shook her head. 'Good. Lift then, please. Let me see the legs. And the rest of this sporting girl. **Lift! Lift!**'

Think about something else, Jackie told herself, but that was a lot easier to say than do. Her hands raised the nightdress, urged on by Dr Gessler. 'Right up to the waist, Jackie; girls in Germany are not shy, you know. And I must see these fine athletic legs.' It was not her legs he was gazing at, though, it was her pussy. She forced herself to stand still, with the nightdress raised aloft, as his eyes bored into her. Pretend

he's not there...

There was no pretending to be done, though, when shortly he came forward and took hold of her. Twisting her round and bending her down and bunching the raised

nightdress at the back. And then his hand again, as in the dining room, slamming in like a plank of wood, onto one ripe buttock and then the other, onto the soft flesh of one thigh and then the other. As in the dining




room it kept on and on, Dr Gessler's hand rising and crashing down with the same intensity and effort. A man in the grip of a frenzy.

He was breathing heavily by the time he finally let up on her. The hand to his brow again. 'So, Miss. Now we have two lessons. I expect we are beginning to learn?' Jackie, gasping, sobbing, was herself in no state to answer.

'Now please to take the nightgown right off.'

What did you do except obey? She opened it down the front and then, first one shoulder and then the other, shrugged out of it. It fell in a pile round her feet. She made herself stand straight, fighting the desire to clutch her stinging bottom and the equal urgent desire to cover her firm, high tits and her pussy from his gaze.

Dr Gessler gazed, unconsciously licking his lips. It was one of the things he had dreamt of in those weeks at St Margaret's: to gaze on this splendid nude form. One of the other things he had dreamt of, of course, was to belabour that provocatively ripe bottom and he had done that twice now, each time with



the heady feeling that there was nothing else in the world except his hand and the girl's bottom. But there were other things in the world, especially when the beating was over. There was for one thing that tight swelling in the front of his trousers.

There were other things he had dreamt of at St. Margaret's in England. His hot eyes drank in the girl's figure. Fit — a sporting girl — and ripe, and without doubt full of all the very best Aryan genes. Dr Gessler removed his spectacles and carefully polished them; they seemed to have misted up. Then he strode to his bedroom door.

'In two minutes, Fraulein Lindley, I wish you to come in my room. We have more matters to attend to. Disciplinary matters, of course. You will leave your nightdress where it is.'

Further Into The Background



It occurred to Gilbert Hoskins — after the most extraordinary and exciting events at Milward's school — that Hilda Conway, the Head-mistress, was not exactly the highly principled woman he had always assumed.

The visit to the Sixth Form Gym Class...the punishment of Amanda over the horse subsequently...had these not, quite possibly been contrived for his benefit? She knew he was wealthy and generous; was she not inducing him to be even more generous towards the school? Not to mention herself? That business about a sick mother. Was it true? He had no way of telling, without getting over-exposed. The funny thing was, he had intended to give her some sort of financial reward for what she had arranged. Doing it very discreetly. Yet, as it turned out, it was she who had set the ball rolling.

Did it matter?

Perhaps it was better this way. She had divined that he was an addict for girls in the Gymnasium. Not to mention being a spanking enthusiast. So, if he wanted this very special kind of fun, he was going to have to pay for it. Miss Conway, without saying a thing, had set the pattern. He would visit more regularly and see the sort of thing he wanted. And pay up. Gilbert didn't mind about the money. He had more than he needed. In fact, it somehow regularised the situation to be paying. He wouldn't have to do any more hinting and hoping; nor be dependent on her whims. Without a word being spoken, everything was understood between them.

How deliciously conspiratorial, thought Gilbert. It appealed to his basic character. A wish to arrange things deviously rather than openly. The constant desire to be at the scene of events, yet remain in the background. That Miss Conway was astute as well as academic had been confirmed. She wanted money and was using her position to acquire it. Nothing too wrong in that. People had been doing it since time immemorial. As far as Gilbert was concerned, this woman was giving him opportunities for pleasurable indulgence which he had never believed would ever come his way.

He must keep close to her. Play along with her. Yet never should he let on that he knew he was paying for 'services rendered'.

'Mr Hoskins...you haven't paid us a visit lately.'

'I've been rather busy, Miss Conway,' Gilbert lied. He was, so glad the woman had telephoned. Several times he had been on the point of contacting her, but it was far preferable that she phoned him in the first instance. Stupid to appear over-eager. 'Was there something?'

'I thought you might like to see how good a start has been made on the Swimming Pool which you are so generously giving us.'

'Ah yes...well...maybe...'

'And look around the school generally, of course. Since you are one of its greatest benefactors.' There was a long pause. 'Then, there's always the gym sessions.' Was there not a definite hint of suggestiveness in that voice?

'Ah yes...the gym.' Gilbert took up the challenge. 'Has anyone else been...er...slacking lately?'

'Funny you should ask that, Mr Hoskins. As a matter of fact, yes.' Gilbert experienced a positive shiver of pleasure, deep inside. There was no doubt that he and Miss Conway understood each other perfectly. 'There's a girl in the Fifth. Only 16. Really undisciplined about her exercises.'

'Ahhh...I'm sorry to hear that. Still, you'll know how to deal with it.'

'Of course, Mr Hoskins. So I can expect you on Thursday afternoon then?'

It was being laid on; for his benefit. All he had to do was pay. 'Very well then, Miss Conway. Three o'clock?'

'That will be just right...'

'How is your mother?'

'Oh...my mother's much better. Now that she's in that Home, I mean.'

'I'm very glad to hear it,' said Gilbert. Then put down the receiver. There was no doubt he would shortly be writing another cheque to help Miss Conway's poor old mother!

It was a delight for Gilbert to be back in the Gymnasium. As before, he and Miss Conway took a discreet seat in a kind of Minstrels' Gallery at

one end. From there one could look down on the rows of leotard-clad figures without being conspicuous. Indeed, probably not seen at all. That also suited Gilbert's temperament.

The first thing he noticed was that, quite naturally, the girls of the Fifth were slightly younger than those in the Sixth. Most of them just 16, he would have said; possibly a few 17 year olds. It was so difficult to tell for girls developed so young these days, it seemed. Though some of them were on the skinny side, most of them had burgeoning figures...swelling breasts and buttocks. Swelling but firm. And the flesh (so much of it exposed on account of the brief leotards worn) was of the softest, smoothest kind. Seen only on young, teen-age girls.

Gilbert was both fascinated and excited as he watched the fifteen or so youngsters exercising. He had to admit, he liked it best of all when they were repeatedly bending over and touching their toes, tautening the skin of those beautifully rounded bottoms. He began to wonder which girl was for 'the high jump' that afternoon. He didn't like to ask Miss Conway directly, so looked around for someone not working too enthusiastically. He finally decided that a blonde girl in the front row was not giving of her best. Sometimes she didn't even get right down to touch her toes.

His suspicions were confirmed when the girls began to use the Horse (even more enjoyable!) for this same girl stumbled several times on landing and also didn't leap very high. Oh how Gilbert loved those bounding leaps! The young limbs splayed wide, the rounded breasts joggling.

'That's the girl I'm going to deal with,' announced Miss Conway, pointing to the blonde who had stumbled yet again. So Gilbert's judgement had been proved correct. 'Her name's Christine.'

Gilbert was glad to note that this 16-year old was not one of the skinnier ones. Rather to the contrary. Miss Conway was also glad to note that Christine was doing an excellent job of 'slacking'. Normally she was one of the better performers in the Gym. Money had persuaded

her that it would be worthwhile going through the ordeal the Head had proposed. 'If you're doubtful, have a word with Amanda. She

earned herself a nice little present... and didn't come to a great deal of harm.'

This Christine had done and,

having a wise head on young shoulders, had demanded, not £30, but £50 from Miss Conway. 'Oh, my dear, that really is too much!' had

come the startled reply.

'But you only slipped her; you told me you were going to cane me. That will hurt far more,' Christine had protested.

'True...' agreed Miss Conway. 'But you will not be getting so many strokes.'

In the end they had agreed on £40. Enough, the girl reckoned, to buy her a nice summer outfit. Not bad for just a few cuts. For her part, Miss Conway was content. Now that she could rely on her patron for regular contributions to 'Mother's Welfare', the cash side of things didn't matter too much!

'Yes...' said Gilbert musingly, after a while. 'She doesn't seem to be making a great deal of effort.'

'As lazy as they come,' snapped Miss Conway. 'I'm going to give her a really sharp reminder!'

A quarter of an hour later Gilbert was in his position behind the door of the small ante-room, having once

again a good view of the Horse through a wide crack. As he looked upon it, heart beating faster, he recalled how Amanda had bounced and squirmed all over it, with her bottom getting redder and redder under repeated whacks from the slipper. It had been a marvellous experience for him and now he was going to get a repeat. He wondered

how many whacks this younger girl would get. He hoped the same. Still, whatever it was, he would be satisfied.

Thus, understandably, Gilbert was taken aback when Miss Conway

came in with the girl — carrying a cane in her hand! His stomach turned a somersault, it seemed. Never had he imagined he would be privileged to see a young girl caned! His pulse rate increased instantly and he noted that this Christine was even prettier than Amanda even if her figure was not quite so sumptuous. All the same, she was most proportioned. Apple breasts, melon buttocks. She was looking both nervous and despondent, which was very understandable under the circumstances.

And now, it must be said, young Christine was not play acting. The actual sight of the cane had scared her no end. Near naked as she was, it made her feel so vulnerable. It made her flesh creep. Oh how much was it going to hurt? Surely the Head would not be too severe with her! On the way to the room, she almost chickened out. Then she fixed her mind firmly on the forty quid — and gathered some resolve.

'Now, Christine,' said Miss Conway, having closed the outer door, 'as you know, at Milward's, we have a long history for inducing improved standards of education — particularly physical education — by means of corporal punishment. You will have heard about that, from other girls?'

'Y-yes...miss...but I'm not sure...'

'Christine! It is not for *you* to be sure. This is my decision. Your performance at P.E. for the past few sessions has been atrocious. Therefore you will be punished for it. That, I am sure, will guarantee a quick improvement.'

'Miss...please...I'm not sure...' repeated Christine. Miss Conway glared. She would have been really furious if the girl backed out at this late stage. All the same, she intended to go on as she had originally planned.

'Quiet, girl!' rapped the Head. 'Now, just listen to me. This School has been established for well over a hundred years. During that time, countless girls have been caned on these premises. Admittedly, most of them during the earlier days. Nevertheless, tradition is tradition. It *goes on*. Now, let me tell you something else. When a girl is caned at Milward's she is always caned naked. That's another tradition...'

There was a dismayed gasp from the girl. Gilbert felt an added surge of excitement. This was really something! 'Oh no...that's awful...' said Christine.

'Awful?' Miss Conway looked disdainful. 'What's awful about it? We're here alone. This, my girl, is a matter of principle.'

Christine's eyes widened and a sharp look came into them. Back to Gilbert, she held her hands up in front of her, fingers and thumbs splayed. Ten. Here's another girl who would go far, thought Miss Conway as she nodded. The 'ante' was up to £50.

'If...if I must then...' half sobbed Christine.

'It's tradition...'

Christine peeled off the leotard and stood naked. Gilbert found himself sweating. My word, what a superb young body! Unbelievably beautiful in its outline and texture. He knew, in that moment, he would go on supporting Miss Conway indefinitely if he could continue to observe such treasures. Yes...he would go on to the point of ruin.

'I am going to give you six strokes, Christine. Bend over the Horse. You deserve more but, since this is the first time you have had the cane, I intend to go easy on you.'

Apprehension was making the youngster's lips quiver. The moment of truth was at hand. The moment of shame, too. She was going to have to bend her with her naked rear facing that unknown voyeur she knew was behind the door. Ghastly! Still, the thought of pain was an even more urgent matter. It was coming. Any moment now. She couldn't help shivering. Gilbert was quite enchanted.

Even more so when Christine actually bent over the leather Horse. As with Amanda, her shapely young bottom was fully presented to him. As well as other desirable intimacies. He wiped his brow. Was this good for his health? He could feel his heart pounding. To Hell, what a lovely way to die anyway!

Miss Conway tapped the curving bottom with her slim cane. The flesh twitched and quivered. 'Oh...p-please, Miss Conway...' Christine was about to beg the Head not to be too hard on her when the first stroke whistled down. It was not the hardest of strokes but it was quite adequately painful for Christine... who instantly leapt up off the Horse and twisted left...right...left...right with her hands pressed to the searing weal. 'O-oh...that was...too much...'

'That's what *you* think, Christine. But it is for me to decide. Bend over again.' The fact that the girl had extorted a further £10 out of her had not put Miss Conway in an altogether good mood. Moreover, it had already been understood between them that, unless the girl took the whole of her punishment, she wouldn't get a single penny!

Nervously flinching, Christine bent again. That first stroke had hurt

far more than she had expected. She had hoped it was going to be easy, but now she knew there was no chance of that. What had she got herself into?

Again that sound...again that burning streak of pain across her flesh. Oh...it was intolerable! She was up again...waltzing around with hands pressed urgently to the two streaks of fire. Gilbert saw the apple-breasts jobbling...and a lot more besides. Sheer Heaven! 'Mmfff...uuurff...' sobbed Christine, 'I...I...can't stand it...'

'Really?' Miss Conway's eyebrows went up. 'What a foolish girl you are. We're almost halfway. You don't want me to take drastic measures, do you?'

Christine, enduring the pain, weighed things up. Yes. One more. And it would be halfway. Come on... you can do it...she told herself. Then, nates clenching she once more bent over the Horse. The cane cracked down and, with a series of gasping howls, she writhed down on to the floor, limbs splaying and kicking.

Gilbert had glimpses of young delights he never thought he'd have an opportunity of glimpsing again!

'Halfway, Christine,' announced Miss Conway. 'Come along, be a brave girl. It will soon be over now.'

Sobbing unrestrainedly Christine hauled herself back over the Horse. Was it worth it? Was it...oh was it? The fourth cut decided her that it wasn't. Yet, to stop now, after all she had endured, would be absurd. absurd.

She *must* go on to the end.

It need hardly be said, Gilbert Hoskins was delighted the girl did!

'Thank you, Miss Conway, a most instructive afternoon...'

My pleasure, Mr Hoskins. It is only right that a benefactor such as yourself should see how we run things here. *Frequently*.'

'How kind.' He saw a wan smile on those barren features.

'I am afraid, Mr Hoskins,' said the Head of Milward's, 'they have just put up the fees at Mother's Nursing Home.'

'Oh indeed, I'm sorry to hear that.' And sorry indeed, he was. All the same, out came his cheque book.

The word *frequently* had definitely roused him.

* * * *

Meanwhile, with cold cream soothing her weals, Christine was already beginning to reckon it had all been worthwhile. Maybe she'd even have another go sometime!

For her part, Amanda was positively anxious for a summons...

G.T.S.

PART.3

Julie gazed up at the ceiling, the jangling of the alarm jarring in her ears. 6.30, with early sunlight filtering through the curtains into the small, simply furnished room. Probably back when this house had been built it had been the maid's room and now it was having a succession of maids again, considerably provided by the Government's Girls' Training Scheme. She gazed up at the ceiling as her thoughts got sorted out, as it all came back. She was here with Mr Milbank and she had had that one full day. And, yes, there were 41 to go. Forty-one days of torture.

At least there would be 41 if Kevin's Uncle Albert couldn't be persuaded to get her out. *But Uncle Albert was coming today*, there had been a phone call yesterday evening — which Mr Milbank had of course taken, girls on the Girls' Training Scheme weren't supposed to have phone calls. But anyway Uncle Albert had phoned to say he was planning to visit today and see how she was getting on.

How she was getting on! Mr Milbank was *killing* her, that was how she was getting on. Mr Milbank with yesterday plenty of help and fiendish advice from his friend Mr Kingway. That session up on Mr Milbank's desk had been the most dreadful thing you could ever *imagine*. First the strap, and then Mr Milbank's cane...And after that









Mr Kingway had had more ideas. For instance that negligee idea with cords attached...

But Uncle Albert was coming this afternoon and surely when he heard all these awful things he would take her away, say that he hadn't imagined any of that could possibly happen and take her off home in his car. Off home to Kevin.

First, though, Julie had to get up. There was first the morning to get through before Uncle Albert

arrived. She had to get up and make some tea for dreadful Mr Milbank and take it in to him, that was what Julie's alarm had gone for. So she had better get up *right away*. Otherwise...Groaning, Julie climbed out of bed. She had never been an early riser and 6.30 was impossible. On the other hand...

She was nude. Mr Milbank had supervised her going to bed. Coming in here with her and watching keenly as Julie got undressed. Then when

she was down to the altogether making her get over his lap and giving her a final bum warming. Groaning she reached for her dressing gown. 'Just the dressing gown first thing, Julie,' Mr Milbank had said. He had supplied it. It was black silk and quite short with just a belt, no buttons.

Groaning still, she went along to the bathroom. Hoisting the skirts of the dressing gown she lowered herself gingerly onto the loo seat. Yes, a night's rest *had* had some healing effect on her poor bum — but how soon would it be before she couldn't bear to sit down again?

'Good morning, young lady.' Mr Milbank, when she knocked and entered with her tray, was awake but still lying in bed. Julie put the tray on his bed-side table and then performed a curtsey. Had she done it all correctly?

Mr Milbank told her to go and draw back the curtain, then pour his tea. Then she was instructed to unfasten the belt of the dressing gown. And pull it wide open.

Standing next to the bed Julie displayed herself. The big nude tits, the full, womanly flanks with the reddish brown bush, all equally nude. Mr Milbank, sipping his tea, gazed. 'A ripe young body, Miss.' He shook his head. 'And sadly in need of discipline, I fear.'

Julie was told to sit on the side of the bed. 'But I think we have made a good start, don't you?'

She mumbled 'Yes Mr Milbank.' While praying that it might stop... today?'

His hand came out to her jutting boobs. Jiggling them, then tweaking the nipples. Her nipples came up, stiffening. Mr Milbank pursed his lips. 'Sex, Julie, that's all you young girls can think about, isn't it? I suppose you're really missing that young man, eh? I *hope* you haven't been doing anything that you shouldn't in bed.'

Flushing, she shook her head. There seemed to be no limit to how hateful Mr Milbank could be. The fingers were still tweaking. Her nipples were stiff and rigid. She gasped as he pinched hard. 'Still, we've got the answer for any of that, haven't we? Something to take their mind off that sort of thing. Over in the corner, Julie.'

She looked where he was pointing. It was a cane. 'Go and get it, please.'

Mr Milbank, out of bed now and bulky in his pyjamas, took the cane from her. 'Yes young lady, we've got the answer to randiness. And also you *were* late with my tea. If you had got up at 6.30 it wouldn't have taken you all that time.'

He pulled up the loose dressing



gown, bunching it above her waist with one hand. Julie screamed as the cane whipped in across her squirming nude nates. It wasn't yet 7 o'clock and already that cane...it zipped devastatingly in again across her desperately dancing rear. A second frantic scream.

She was given six before Mr Milbank was prepared to put the cane down. 'I hope that will teach you to get up *sharply*, Miss. Now go and have your bath and then get in the kitchen. Breakfast at 8 o'clock. Eight o'clock *sharp*.' He accompanied his last words with a sharp slap to Julie's bare bottom.

Holding her dressing gown together she stumbled out. Uncle Albert had to get her away. He simply had to. Today perhaps?

The morning was not a lot different to what had happened yesterday. After getting the breakfast more bloody housework, and then another test of standing with hands on head. Naturally Julie couldn't reach the target set. Then a little while later another go at that nasty trick Henry Kingway had taught Mr Milbank.

Nothing on except that short black negligee — with its fiendish little extras. A cord round the waist to which was attached Mr Kingway's leather strap. Another cord fastened to the hem at the back and coming up over her shoulder. When instructed to do so you pulled down on the cord that was over your shoulder. Which pulled up the negligee... 'Higher!'...until it was right up round your waist. So that your bottom was quite bare. And then Mr Milbank, with that strap which you'd been obliged to drag around with you now in his hand...

Mr Milbank seemed to find this little trick of Mr Kingway's highly entertaining. He kept Julie in the negligee with its humiliating bits and pieces for the rest of the morning as she cleaned and tidied his rotten house. And whenever he felt like it, which seemed to be all the time, he would come up to her and tell her to stop work. Stand up straight...and pull the cord...

As he whipped the strap across her bottom yet again Julie could only concentrate her thoughts on Uncle Albert. Who was coming after lunch.

* * * *

'He's killing me. That bugger's killing me!'

Julie's sorry tale of woe came blurring forth as soon as she was out of the house with Uncle Albert. It was her first opportunity to be alone with him. He had arrived half an hour earlier, right after lunch but after greeting Julie had been

closeted with Mr Milbank in his room. But now she was out of that dreadful house, alone with Uncle Albert. Only for a walk, of course, unless she could persuade him to take her away *right away*.

'He's just...' Words failed her with the sheer enormity of what Mr Milbank had done. 'Well, you should just see the state of my poor bottom.'

That did not seem like a bad idea at all to Albert Musgrove. He squeezed Julie's arm. 'You're quite right, I should. Actually I've booked a hotel room so we can go there.'

Julie bit her lip. She hadn't meant Uncle Albert should actually see her bottom, it was meant more metaphorically. She returned to her main theme. 'You've got to get me away *right away*. Uncle Albert. Can't I leave now, without going back?'

The June afternoon was bright and sunny, the streets full of happy holiday-makers. It made it seem even more like a bad dream that she'd come from. In the midst of all this pleasant normality how *could* Mr Milbank and his Girls' Training Scheme establishment be just round the corner? Julie of course wasn't in that awful negligee now, she was back in her blouse and skirt. And it seemed like almost for the first time since getting here she had knickers on and pulled properly up. She had been like that, all nice and normal, for Uncle Albert's arrival. *Of course*. But if Mr Milbank thought she wasn't going to tell him...

'What a lovely day,' observed Albert Musgrove.

'Uncle Albert, you've got to take me away.' Julie's voice was intense, shrill. Didn't he understand?

Uncle Albert said, 'Let's go to the hotel.'

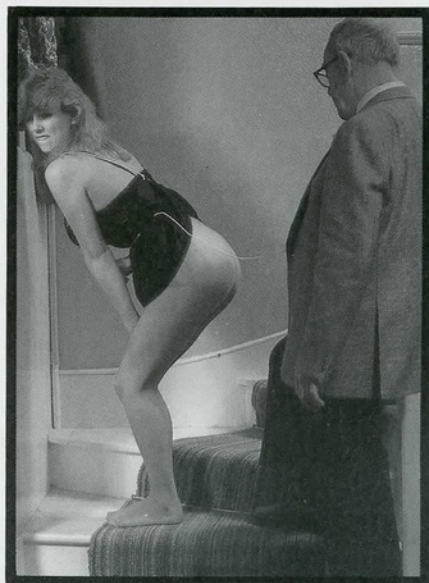
It wasn't far, not far from Mr Milbank's in fact. In the room Uncle Albert made a point of locking the door behind them. He took off his jacket. 'Now then, Julie. So it's been a little bit of a shock, has it?'

That had to be the understatement of the year. 'He's killing me,' Julie wailed again. 'He won't stop. That cane and that strap and...and spanking.'

'Let's have a look, shall we?' Albert Musgrove kept his voice as calm as possible in the circumstances. yes indeed: he'd have a look!

'Uh...' Julie was not at all sure whether to show herself to Kevin's Uncle Albert. Was it proper? Although that awful Mr Milbank had certainly seen everything — and had his hands on everything too. Not to mention Mr Kingway.

But the decision was being taken out of Julie's hands; because Uncle Albert's hands were getting to work.





At the waistband of her skirt... sliding it down. She hung onto him as he made her step out of it. And then her knickers...yanking them down too. Uncle Albert quite red in the face and clearly excited. Turning her round and then bending down to closely examine Julie's well punished globes.

'Bright red in the face now, Uncle Albert was pushing her down to sit on the bed. Slipping off the high-heeled courts...and then sliding her knickers off over the stockings feet. Julie tried to keep his mind concentrated. 'Uncle Albert, *please take me back today...*

Albert Musgrove was pushing back the bedclothes. 'Yes, well, let's talk about it. But you're clearly...in a bit of a state. Lie down and talk about it. We...we'll both lie down...'

He was pushing her in the bed, and then getting in himself. It was just one more thing that seemed a lot more like a dream than reality.

Back at Mr Milbank's that gentleman inquired brightly, 'Had a nice walk?' 'Very pleasant; a lovely day,' from Uncle Albert. No, he couldn't stay for tea, he had his train to catch. He kissed Julie demurely on the cheek.

'Perhaps the day after tomorrow then, dear?' Then to Stanley Milbank, 'If another visit is all right so soon?' Stanley Milbank said 'Yes, of course.'

The door closed on Uncle Albert. Mr Milbank smiled. 'Well, what shall we have now? Hands on head? Or will it be our charming negligee?'

She wasn't going back with Uncle Albert. What was it he had said? 'We'll have to see about that. It's not easy of course. I mean once you've started on the course.'

It was all a bit hazy, though, because it was all tied up with that business in the hotel room. Like a dream. Perhaps she *had* dreamt it. Surely she must have dreamt it. Because Uncle Albert would never have...

What was not a dream certainly was the fact that she was now here in Mr Milbank's house again. The Girls' Training Scheme. Mr Milbank saying, 'Tuck your skirt up nice and high, Julie, and let's have the knickers down. Hands on head.'

Uncle Albert was coming again the day after tomorrow. To take her out for a walk, like today. And that hotel room...? No, she had dreamt the hotel room. She *must* have.

Mr Milbank's sharp voice. 'What's our target? Thirty-five minutes?' Julie knew there was no possibility that she could stand quite still for 35 minutes. And so did Stanley Milbank. Julie tried not to think about that other figure. Forty-one. Forty after today.



Feedback.

'In Whispers No 4. we published a letter from a reader who enclosed a questionnaire, expressing the hope that others of our readers would complete it, in whole or in part, and send their comments. What follows is part of the considerable correspondence received in response.

1. What in your opinion would be appropriate judicial sentences for girls and young women convicted of the following misdemeanours?
 - a) possession of cannabis
 - b) vandalism
 - c) lesbianism
 - d) sabotage of a hunt meeting
 - e) improper dress in a public place
 - f) failing to control children
 - g) dropping litter
 - h) shoplifting
 - i) adultery
2. Should the use of corporal punishment for girls in schools be
 - a) restricted to the head teacher
 - b) restricted to senior teachers
 - c) restricted to male teachers
 - d) available to all teachers
 - e) available to all staff including caretakers
 - f) available to all staff and senior boys?
3. What would you consider to be appropriate punishment for a schoolgirl guilty of
 - a) smoking in school
 - b) cheating in exams
 - c) lack of effort in class
 - d) lack of effort in sport
 - e) insolence
 - f) dropping a pencil
 - g) leaving school grounds during school hours
 - h) yawning
4. Should any of the following factors be taken into account when sentencing a girl to corporal punishment, and if so, how?
 - a) her age
 - b) her general attractiveness
 - c) the size of her bottom
 - d) the nature of her offence
 - e) her past record of conduct
 - f) the opinions of her parents regarding corporal punishment
 - g) the size of her parents contributions to school funds
5. Which of the following parts of a girl's anatomy should be available to teachers for punishments, and what would be appropriate punishment for them?
 - a) the hands
 - b) the bottom (clothed)
 - c) the bottom (naked)
 - d) the thighs
- e) the breasts
- f) any other areas
6. What do you think is the best policy for an education authority to adopt on the question of corporal punishment for girls?
 - a) it should be used only as a last resort
 - b) it should be used for all serious offences
 - c) it should be the normal punishment for all offences
 - d) it should be used whenever the teacher feels like it
 - e) no particular policy should be adopted
7. Should corporal punishments of girls in schools be
 - a) recorded and kept in confidence
 - b) recorded and the records made available for public scrutiny
 - c) left unrecorded
8. What punishment implements should be available to
 - a) school teachers
 - b) prefects
 - c) staff of penal institutions
 - d) private citizens in charge of girls
 - e) the police
9. Is humiliation a desirable part of the discipline of teenaged girls and if so how might it best be effected?
10. Choose any attractive teenaged girl of your acquaintance and imagine that you are granted custody over her without fear of interference from social workers or other do gooders. How would your approach to her upbringing differ from that adopted by her parents?
11. At what age should girls be able to obtain confidential advice on contraception?
12. Devise a suitable timetable for the time spent out of school by a sixteen year old girl. Should such girls be allowed to choose their own clothes, and if not, what should they wear
 - a) at home
 - b) in public
 - c) before guests
13. List the ten female celebrities you feel would most benefit from corporal punishment.

I do not expect readers to answer this questionnaire systematically, but if they would like to write in detail on the aspects that they feel most strongly about I will be more than happy.

Dear Sir,

In response to your questionnaire I offer the following:

1. a) 15 strokes of heavy cane, bare bottom, for each offence.
- b) 30 strokes of heavy cane, bare bottom, for each offence (maximum 15 strokes per session and 3 weeks between each session).
- c) Hand spanking or hairbrush/slipper for 10 minutes for each indiscretion.
- d) 12 strokes with a riding crop, bare bottom.
- e) 12 strokes with a strap or tawse (two tails) over knickers.
- f) 12 strokes with a strap or tawse (three tails) bare bottom.
- g) 6 strokes, medium cane on knickers for first offence, 12 strokes for second offence and 15 strokes bare bottom for subsequent offences.
- h) 15 strokes medium cane on bare bottom. Double for subsequent offences (maximum 30 strokes) but 15 per session (see 1b).
- i) Hand spanking for 10 minutes, then 20 strokes with light tawse then 15 strokes with cane. All bare bottom with 1 hour between applications of instruments. Repeated every month for 6 months.
2. a) No.
- b) No.
- c) Yes.
- d) No.
- e) No.
- f) No.
3. a) 6 strokes of cane on knickers for first offence, 6 bare bottom for second and 12 bare for subsequent offences.

- b) 12 strokes of cane bare bottom in front of the class.
 - c) Hand spanking for 10 minutes during 1 hour detention.
 - d) 6 strokes on knickers with gym slipper or strap.
 - e) 6 strokes with cane on bare bottom.
 - f) 3 strokes with ruler on each bare thigh.
 - g) Detention for equal hours. 5 minutes hand spanking on bare bottom then 12 strokes with strap. Double for subsequent offences. 1 hour detention/day. Punishment applied each detention.
 - h) 3 strokes with ruler on each bare thigh.
4. a) Substitute strap/hand/ruler or slipper, all on bare bottom, if of tender years.
- b) Spread punishment time out. Take longer between strokes.
- c) Use longer cane/strap for wider bottoms.
- d) Increase number of strokes for repetitive offences.
- e) Increase number of strokes for repetitive offences.
- f) Not considered, unless they request extra punishment.
- g) Not considered.
5. a) No.
- b) As previously stated.
- c) As previously stated.
- d) As previously stated.
- e) Never.
- f) No.
6. a) No. Start early but in moderation.
- b) Yes.
- c) Yes.
- d) Yes, but not undeserving.
- e) No. Set rules and apply them.
7. a) No.
- b) Yes. To parents/guardians, staff, Juvenile Courts etc.
- c) No.
8. a) All.
- b) None.
- c) All, including birch, riding crop and martinet.
- d) All, including birch, riding crop and martinet.
- e) Strap, cane and martinet.
9. Depending on the offence. If public office (i.e. drug use, drunkenness, vandalism etc.) punish in presence of restricted public (i.e. victims, police, witnesses), but not parents.
10. Bare bottom spanking of 5-10 minutes for offences after one warning. Record each hand spanking and award one stroke of the cane for each spanking. Caning given on bare bottom when the number of spankings equal the girl's age.
11. Before they get into trouble!
12. a) Retain school uniform until after dinner or spankings/caning. Then casual clothes.
- b) Smart clean clothes. Jeans only if activity requires the protection afforded by them.
- c) School uniform or smart attractive clothes.

Timetable [School days]

Home not later than time it takes to travel from school. Homework or prep done immediately after wash. Dinner followed by discussion on the day's events. Award any punishments at this time. Then bath/shower. Dress in clean uniform and wait in room where punishment is given. After punishment stand in corner, hands on head, shirt at waist and knickers 6 inches above knees bare bottom on display to household for half an hour after hand spanking, one hour after caning. Then to bed. Cold cream applied to punished bottom for 15 minutes while girl lies

face down on bed or over knee.

Weekends/Holidays.

Clothes depending on situation/activity. Punishments applied.

When and where prudent.

13. I am unable to respond constructively to this item as I am not currently familiar with British TV/Sports celebrities etc.

As an epilogue I wish to offer my opinion of your photographic style.

Most readers come under two main categories;

A. Those that like to watch C.P.

B. Those that like to apply C.P.

Personally I am in both, but prefer mostly to apply C.P. I'm sure that both A and B enthusiasts prefer you to photograph your models from the side of the punisher. Obviously because they wish to envisage themselves as the punisher. I adore the photos taken from the rear of the girl but I do wish you would publish at least one photograph in each article where the reader can imagine that he is wielding the cane or strap. Also, in my own experiences I always spend some minutes (10-15) caressing the punished bare bottom to feel the heat and developing weals. You seldom publish photos of this stage of the activity.

One last request. Please, please, please use your expert photography to show raised weals of the canings and strappings even if you must do it in black and white. Raised weals in colour would increase your sales tremendously.

I subscribe to all of your publications.

**Yours truly
M. H. M.**

Dear Sir,

The questionnaire in **Whispers No. 4** was a splendid idea. To do it full justice would take too long, but I've tried to deal with some of the questions and hope the results will be of interest.

Yours, K.V. Rooberts.

1. Question passed over.
2. C.P. for schoolgirls should be available to all staff.
3. Appropriate punishments.
 - a) Smoking. Make the girl light a cigarette and put it in an ashtray. Put her across your knee for a spanking, and continue to smack her bare bottom until the cigarette has burned out.
 - b) Cheating. Twelve strokes of the cane on the bare buttocks in front of the whole school.
 - c) Lack of effort in class. A spanking in front of her classmates.
 - d) Lack of effort in sport. Girl to bend over vaulting horse in gym for six strokes of tawse across seat of shorts.
 - e) Insolence. Six strokes of the cane on the bare buttocks from the offended teacher, then culprit is sent to Head, who will decide what further punishment is necessary.
 - f) Dropping a pencil. One stroke of tawse on each hand.
 - g) Unauthorised absence. Six strokes of cane on bare buttocks. Additional strokes if offence repeated.
 - h) Yawning. A sound smacking with ruler on bare buttocks and upper thighs to wake her up.
4. Question passed over.
5. Anatomy subject to C.P. Hands, buttocks clothed or naked. Thighs. **Not** the breasts. Occasional alternatives, calves and upper back. Methods. For the hands the tawse

is the best instrument. Cane can be used but not to the point of injury. For the buttocks, the open hand and all the standard instruments; tawse, cane, birch, paddle and martinet. The back of a hairbrush for spanking, but not, generally speaking, the slipper, which is rarely better than a makeshift. A short strap is more effective an alternative to hand or hairbrush for over-the-knee punishment. The paddle, by the way, should not be the American fraternity type, which is clumsy to use and tends to bruise rather than sting. Better is a smaller version, say eighteen inches long and two to three wide at the business end. Leather and plastic paddles can also be very effective. All these instruments are also suitable for the back of the thighs. I find the martinet particularly effective for this area. By the time those stinging thongs have wrapped themselves round plump sixteen year old thighs half a dozen times there is invariably a lot of anguished squirming and tearful eloquence. For the calves, the best thing is a plastic ruler, with the culprit standing on a stool so that her legs are within convenient reach as one sits comfortably in one's chair. Older girls seem to find this a particularly undignified form of punishment; there must be something about the sensation of scarlet, stinging calves which reminds them of the smacked legs of much younger days. The upper back has the advantage that it is practically impossible for the culprit to rub the punished area afterwards! One doesn't want to break the skin and perhaps leave permanent marks, so a **light** caning only, flick rather than slash. If the girl is made to strip to the waist and kneel on a chair, the sides of the shoulders and the upper arms are also within range. All in all, though, the bottom is the safest, most effective and most enjoyable target for punishment.

6. Policy. C.P. should be the normal punishment for all offences.
7. Records. Punishment should be recorded and records preserved and open to public inspection for ten years after girl leaves school. Should give details of offence, nature of punishments and girl's reaction thereto. Imagine being able to look up the file of some haughty local beauty and read a vivid description of her squirming and blubbering as she bent over for a dozen stingers on her luscious bare bum.
8. Question passed over.
9. Humiliation. Desirable, but should not be carried to the point where the girl is so emotionally distressed that her attention is distracted from what is happening to her bottom. Is most effective when girl has become blasé about normal punishment and needs a little extra something to make an impression on her. The most effective humiliation is publicity in one form or another, most girls have a natural and fervent desire for their punishments to remain private, and hate other people being told about them or being allowed to watch. Any witnesses should be 'safe' of course, e.g. in favour of C.P. and not likely to cause trouble. An alternative is to make tape recordings while the girl is being privately punished and play them at a later date for the amusement of visitors. I started doing this with my own daughter, Ruth, soon after her sixteenth birthday. One evening when she was due for a whacking I took her upstairs and soon had her across the bed in a position very familiar to her, jeans removed and knickers down to her knees, with a pillow under her hips to lift her plump bare bottom a little. Ruth didn't notice when I quietly switched on the tape recorder — I think she was too pre-occupied with the prospect of ten hard strokes of the tawse across her defenceless rump. Anyway, I gave her my usual little lecture telling her why she was going to be punished, and listened to the usual plaintive replies. She was very sorry, she wouldn't do it

again and please, Dad, not too hard, **please**. After that there was a very noisy five minutes while Ruth got the leathering she deserved, with the recorder picking up the sound of the tawse landing on Ruth's scorching buttocks and Ruth's screeching and sobbing and pleading during the thrashing and her uninhibited little-girl weeping afterwards. The following week my wife's brother and his wife visited us, and I told them I had a tape they'd find interesting. Ruth was completely taken by surprise, and I never saw anyone show such scarlet-faced embarrassment as she did as we listened. She was going to run out of the room but I quietly promised her an immediate bare-bottom spanking if she did.

Questions 10, 11 and 12 passed over.

13. Celebrities for punishment. The difficulty here is in deciding who to leave out! Among those eminently suitable for chastisement whom I have reluctantly omitted from my top ten are; Joanne Lumley, Felicity Kendal, Floella Bejamin, Anna Ford, Selina Scott, Sarah Greene, Miranda Coe, Julia Somerville, Sophia Loren and Catherine Bach. I take it for granted that all celebrity punishments should be in public, before a mixed audience and perhaps TV cameras also, since these ladies thrive on public attention, let them have it in full at the most humiliating experience of their careers.

First, Bonnie Langford, a cheeky, lively little wench who should have her pert little rump tanned hard and often. A sound strap-spanking on the bare bottom for Bonnie, followed by six strokes of the cane. Next Anneka Rice who has practically made a career out of her plump, wriggling bottom. Make Anneka change into school uniform, and bend her over with her knickers round her ankles for a long, thorough ruler-smacking on her bare buttocks and thighs until the tender flesh from hips to knees is a bright, burning red. Then birch her, eighteen scorching strokes to make her howl and squirm. Then, Glenys Kinnock, so smugly pleased with herself on the political platform. Put Glenys across the lap of some large, muscular Tory lady to have her knickers taken down for a stinging, shameful spanking, then make her bend over for a dozen with the cane. Next, Moira Stewart, who looks so demure that the indignity of a whacking would soon have her tears flowing. Moira can hold her hands out for three strokes on each with the tawse, and then be turned over to spend an utterly miserable five minutes weeping and pleading as her bare bottom is soundly spanked with the back of a hairbrush. The lovely Cheryl Baker of Bucks Fizz is next. Bend her over a whipping bench, up with her skirt and down with her knickers, then give her six thwacking strokes with the tawse across her plump, tender buttocks, followed by twelve with the birch. Next, that elegant, doe-eyed actress, Diane Keene. She would feel the shame of a bare-bottom spanking very acutely, but the spanking would only be the prelude to an exemplary whipping, twenty-one strokes of the martinet across her wincing bottom and thighs. Angela Rippon is a beautiful, mature lady who should be dealt with quite severely. Hold out your hands first, Angela, for three strokes of the cane on each. Then, with your sensitive palms and fingers throbbing and burning, take down your knickers and bend over so that the applauding audience can see your wriggling bare buttocks suffer under twelve strokes of the birch followed by another dozen with a riding switch. Samantha Fox is today's outstanding example of the 'cheeky young madam'. She enjoys exposing her body, so now she can display her bare bottom while she is spanked very thoroughly. Following that, nine of the best with a cane will make Sam feel extremely sorry for herself but she must once more be laid across the lap for a second spanking, this time with the back of a hairbrush whacking her wealed and blazing buttocks.

My final choice is Lady Helen Windsor, a lovely, high-spirited young lady who would really benefit from a bottom-roasting. First a strap-spanking, then she can have a further dose of leather as she bends over for the tawse. No doubt she'd try to take it bravely but I think she'd be blubbing childishly after six full-blooded strokes across her bottom and four more on the upper thighs. A final six with the martinet across her wriggling rump would give Lady Helen something to remember for a long time.

Supposing that these punishments have all taken place on the same occasion, imagine the scene as our ten naughty girls line up side by side, facing the wall in disgrace, hands on head, skirts tucked up to the waist, knickers around their ankles. Anneka is crying her eyes out, her plump, birched buttocks clenching desperately as she tries to squeeze out the scalding pain. Moira is sobbing quietly, intensely ashamed of exposing her well-spanked bottom. By her side, Angela, her usual calm, smiling dignity totally destroyed, is tearfully pleading for permission to rub her scorching seat, and is told it will cost her a dozen with the tawse if she dares to do so. Ten lovely, weeping, humiliated ladies who will sit down very carefully for some time to come.

Dear Editor,

I was very impressed with the letter from P.L. in **Whispers No. 4** and his questionnaire. I have to agree with all he says although I do wish that he had described his own ideas more fully. However, the questionnaire brought a number of ideas to my mind and perhaps he will enjoy reading my thoughts if you care to publish them.

1. I am all for corporal punishment and the involved humiliation for both women and girls. If they fail to obey the rules and maintain the standards that are set, then a physical reminder is the best way of ensuring future compliance. The circumstances posed by P.L. are varied and interesting but some can be linked together as a similar grade of offence.
 - a) a, b and h. are all worthy of a good birching and a term of imprisonment. During the sentence they should undergo
 - b) strict discipline and, if necessary, frequent corporal punishment. A period spent dreading the cane and strap will serve them well when released. What if the lady is in her forties or fifties? A sore bottom won't do her any harm and society will be a better place.
 - c) I do not agree with this practise but I do not have strong feelings on the matter. Perhaps some other reader will give his comments.
 - d) Here is a unique chance to impose a different sort of discipline. First I would suggest that she is made to remove everything below the waist except for her shoes. She could then be held lying sideways over a horses back so that her bottom is up and vulnerable. Each of the aides would then be invited to come forward and exercise their crops on the exposed buttocks. Following this there are two courses of action. If the necessary equipment is available, she could be harnessed and used as a pony girl. The alternative would be that she should be hunted. Her catcher would be entitled to make her feel very sore and humiliated exactly as he required. If you have ever seen a crop used on a horses rump, I am sure you will realise just how hard a huntsman (or woman) can hit. A lady's rump is much more tender than that of a horse.
 - e) Well of course, what we have to do is to make her dress even more improper. For a start we will have her dress, skirt or trousers off. We shall ignore any pleas should she have failed to put any knickers on that morning, but there will be additional punishment later. If she is wearing a petticoat this will need to be secured up round her waist although a half length slip could be removed completely. Hands on her head, she will be paraded around for as long

as is deemed necessary. Subsequently a dozen or so with a cane on her bottom and the backs of her thighs will cause great distress. Extra strokes will be added if she was found to be without knickers. If it is a repeat offence then the next stage is removal of her top half of clothing. All of it, to leave her in knickers only. Further proceedings and canings will certainly persuade her to dress in better fashion in the future.

9. There is no doubt in my mind that humiliation should play a large part in the punishment of any girl or woman. I suppose that teenage girls are the most responsive to the treatment, but all ages would benefit. Firstly one must ignore any cries or pleas of outraged modesty or demands for privacy. If told to undress, remove clothes, enter the room when she is undressed or attend to toilet matters, the presence of other people must not interfere with her response to your demands. A totally undressed girl is a miserable girl indeed. Especially if she is forbidden to attempt the covering of any of her embarrassing attributes. She should not be undressed so often that the process loses its deterrent effect, but she must know that any reluctance will cause further unpleasanties for her. By all means discuss her body with others present. Her breasts, her bottom, her pubic hair (if she still has it), even how easily that secret place between her legs gets wet. If she plays with herself, a discussion on the best methods to prevent it will prove beneficial. Do not hesitate to handle the part of her body that is the subject of conversation. You may plan to give her a bath with others watching. Make her stand in a big baby bath in the front room while you do this. Don't forget to thoroughly wash all those little nooks and crannies that are part of a girls body. Then there is bedtime. A short transparent nightdress is needed. Definitely without any matching knickers. There is no reason why she should not undress in front of everyone. After kissing them all 'goodnight' she can go to her room. Do make a check soon after to ensure that she is in bed properly and that she is not playing with herself. Other lines of approach are very short skirts with or without knickers. This attire can be retained whether indoors or out, visiting or at home. No one is likely to complain about seeing what a girl should keep hidden under her skirt, except to suggest that there is a need for more ladylike behaviour. Marks on her bottom and thighs from the cane or strap need not be concealed. If she goes swimming or to ballet classes or a visit to the doctor all will know that she is being kept under proper discipline. One other word. Rubber knickers are quite a good cure for the girl who wets herself. The cause is unimportant. The rubber rustles and all know what she is wearing and can guess why. She will do her best not to lose control in future.
12. In some ways this can be very similar to the last point I made. Of course the circumstances are different and we are considering a girl's dress under more normal circumstances, i.e. when she has not misbehaved in any way. There is no doubt that strict discipline will be proved to be a great advantage at all ages. And I do include young ladies of more than twenty years. It does not matter whether a girl is at school, college or in employment, the ideal wear at home is an old school uniform. Short-skirted and tight, it will keep her aware of her junior position in the household. Ankle or knee length socks should be worn, certainly not tights or stockings. Underneath her skirt will be found matching school knickers also tight and uncomfortable. Other than a vest and blouse that is all the clothes she will need unless the weather is cold when a cardigan should be permitted. A ribbon to pull back her hair will complete the picture. For festive occasions, parties etc, she could wear a 'little girl' frilly type of dress, equally short and revealing. In

this case I would recommend lacy party knickers and a similar petticoat to go with it. Of course an ordinary tennis skirt is also suitable and again frilly knickers can be worn. There is no need for a girl to change into anything else when going out or when guests are arriving. After all, friends and relatives should be well aware of the need to control their own daughter and will approve of this method. A longer coat can be worn in public if desirable, but parents will be decided against it for most of the time.

The advantage of such short skirts are many. The first is decorum. Girls do not like showing their knickers, furthermore they must be taught that such displays are rude and unladylike. This means that she must take great care in standing, sitting and bending so as not to give inadvertent displays of her underwear. She will learn to walk upright and move carefully. Sitting is likely to become a luxury as it is extremely difficult to avoid showing the crutch under such conditions.

The girl's thighs will be available to be smacked at all times. This is a tender part of a girl's anatomy and a few hard smacks cause considerable distress. The finger marks from the strapping hand will be visible for some time after the event and all who see her will know what has happened. Should she give annoyance in the shops or in the street, there is nothing to stop the sensible parent from applying a few smacks there and then. Everybody will look round at the sound of slaps and her yelps but that is all part of her punishment.

Again if a girl is prone to wetting her knickers, the short skirt will make for instant access and ease of inspection. Even this intimate moment should not be kept secret. Her shame will be all the greater when Mrs Jones from next door is invited to look at the damp patch and perhaps to feel how wet it is.

I think that I should stop writing at this point as I have gone on long enough, P.L. asks for comments and I hope he will enjoy reading what I have written. In time perhaps he would be good enough to add his comments on one or two ideas. I have mentioned some of them earlier but his ideas would be appreciated. He and of course anyone else.

Masturbation

should this be allowed or even encouraged?

If not, how would it be controlled or prevented?

Is masturbation permissible for a married woman?

Pubic hair.

Should it be shaved as a punishment or as a normal procedure or not at all?

If shaved, who should carry out the operation?

Bathing

Should this be supervised or even actually carried out by her parents?

If yes, at what age should she be allowed privacy for the operation?

Does it make any difference if she has younger brothers who would like to watch?

Well that must be all. I should love to read what other people think about these questions. Even more so if a young lady or married woman should write of her experiences in these fields.

Roger S., Hounslow

WELL STRIPED

Dear Blushes,

I am writing this letter as an apology. The letter I posted to you last Friday was written before I managed to obtain your fabulous

magnificent Whispers No 3. If Whispers No 4 is as good as that, then surely several middle aged men around the country are in danger of a Blushes induced heart attack.

Where you get such out of this world models and how



you get them to pose like this is beyond me. That girl posed in 'Inner Circle and A Private Lesson' is a Goddess. As a bonus I was able to do a Join the Dots on her bent over that trestle. Please reprint in double page size or more angles. God what an arse!

I have her well striped in my photo, and well secured to the trestle too! An added erotic touch. I find it a ring through the nose to which a fine chain can be attached.

Your magazine goes from perfect to unbelievable. For years we've had to put up with rubbish, suddenly a magazine appears which seems to have someone aboard who is actually into exotic punishments and sex and who actually realises what his customers want. Fantastic. Hope my suggestions help. Though you are doing brilliantly already.

Thanks not only for myself but on behalf of the many readers who I am sure have a little ray of sexual sunshine brought into their lives by your publications, who either can't write to express themselves or are too frightened or inhibited to put it on paper.

We love all your girls.

Thank them from us.

Yours,
B Y.

MAGNIFICENT NYMPH

Dear Editor,

Each issue of Blushes, either Uniform Supplement, or the others, has been brilliantly photographed, with magnificently posed models, whose expressions of pain and humiliation have been usually perfect. The girls you

use are great little exhibitionists, with genuine acting ability and beautiful into the bargain.

All your issues are first class and you have risen so far above all other magazines that none of them are now worth buying. Even so, some of your issues are above the others and must be rated as classics while the rest are just excellent.

The Supplement 2 and 4 are two of the classics. In two, the girls stretched out one after the other are so provocatively sexy, helpless looking and humiliated especially with their naked breasts hanging down, that they give me the super glue reaction. (Instant hardening.)

In The Supplement 4, there she is again. That magnificent nymph Linda. What a superb soft little white bottom! What a wonderful innocent expression of hard done by. What humility. What brilliant facial expressions. No wonder readers pick her for set pieces. Oh yes please Linda. She asks why her? Well for all those reasons. Yes you are the girl next door, but much more than that Linda, you are simply gorgeous.

Some women are haughty and bitch like. Most men like to see them thrashed until they plead for mercy. You Linda are the opposite but you bring out the beast in us. But afterwards they want to be gentle with you.

Incidentally I loved the poses you did for B. Young also of Cardiff and a friend of mine. I've seen this added drawing of the restraining chains on that model (she's a lovely too! What tits.

Thanks to all your staff.

J. D. Cardiff.



Dear Sir,
The photos in your magazine
are more adventurous, exciting
and unusual. I liked the girls
buttocks slowly bared as the
material was cut away leaving a
thin strip of cloth between the
cheeks. I also liked the girl in
panties worn by the girl in



Volume 2, the smaller and
tighter they are the more
humiliation she will experience
before and during the
spanking.

Can we see some close up
shot sequences featuring a
lovely bottom in tight knickers
between the cheeks.
To ensure



tightness a ribbon should be
tied above the buttocks and
fastened into a bow and left
to rest highly on the upthrust
cheeks.
Perhaps you would suggest
this idea to your
photographers. I loved the
pictures of the girls panted
bottom taken from beneath
the springy bedstead.
Keep up the good work.
Yours faithfully,
J.R.

ACTUALLY SPANKED

Dear Sirs,

These photos are the results of my efforts to capture on film certain interesting events which took place during the period May/October 1985, at the home of an acquaintance — Brian, the man in the pictures — which I was not invited to witness first hand but was allowed to record, in my absence, through the lens of a camera. On one occasion I was permitted, even encouraged, to take photos in person of the girl in the pictures, Debbie, although not while she was being spanked, unfortunately. Brian has been aware all along that I intended my photos for possible publication ('Brian' is a pseudonym); Debbie had and still has no idea that they were taken. I rely upon Brian's assurance that there will be no repercussions should Debbie find out; I believe besides that since I was recording actual events, Debbie would have no claim on me for damages, nor would Brian. May I point out that I wish to retain all copyrights on all material supplied.

About Brian

I met Brian when he came to resurface a path at my home. He is a builder with leanings toward



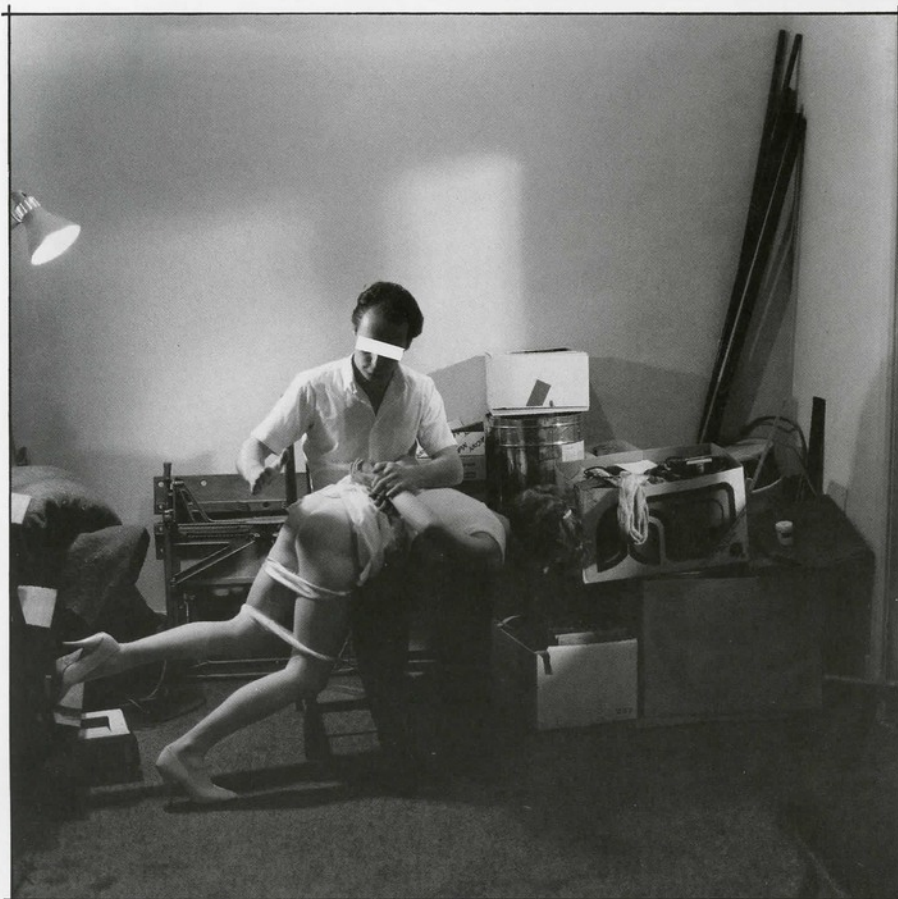
property development. He presently lives in a house which he bought semi-derelict and which he is restoring and converting with a view to making a profit when he eventually sells. Debbie occupies a flat in this large house; she has been there, I believe, some eighteen months.

About Debbie

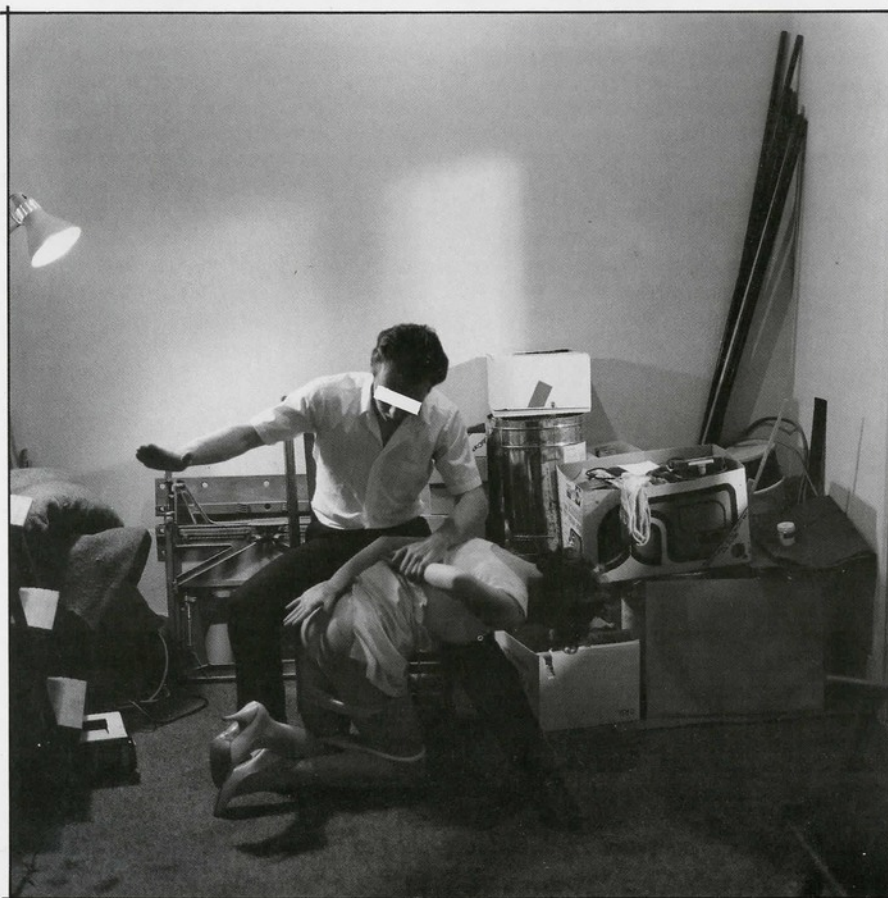
Debbie works in a bakers shop and goes to evening classes where she claims to be studying for 'A' levels, with a view to getting a university place. She will read either sociology (!) or Anthropology (!!) which will no doubt be very useful. Frankly I think she is unlikely to make it, as she seems never to do any work.

The Situation

The relationship between Brian and Debbie is unclear to me; I am told that Debbie's flat is provided rent-free in return for cooking occasional meals and paying the milkman — things like that. Although Debbie never speaks of 'home', I have gleaned the information that Brian and Debbie's parents know each other. Whether



The Background



this indicates a familial relationship I can't be sure, but I have suspicions.

Debbie, says Brian, is 'used to a good smacked bottom.' Certainly she ought to be, living with him, but I think he means that that is how she was when he 'got her'. I have never been allowed to see Debbie being spanked, but Brian teases me with regular accounts, on the strict condition that I never divulge my knowledge of Debbie's spankings to her. Presumably any breach of secrecy between them would in some way injure whatever relationship it is that allows Debbie to live with the ever present threat of palm on bare bum.

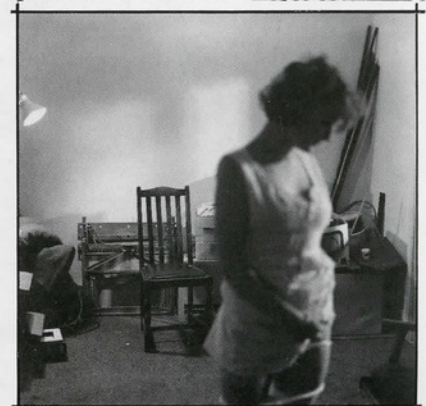
The suggestion that I might rig up a hidden camera to record Debbie's punishments was Brian's. I am aware that it is partly to humiliate the girl, and partly Brian's sheer exhibitionism. I am not complaining however.

The Photography

I used an old Yashica Camera with the mirror removed to quieten the mechanism, pre-focussed on the spot where the action was to take place. This I hid on a shelf, with a motor drive attached and wired to a time switch, which would release the shutter and advance the film every 30 seconds. With 36 exposures on a roll, this allows a period of 18 minutes to be covered. The only things which aren't foolproof are Debbie and Brian, Debbie when she wanders about and goes out of focus, and Brian when he forgets to switch the timer on, or more often, turns it on and then forgets about it, which leaves me with pictures of Debbie simply waiting about in the junk room where the pictures used to be taken, or the spare room upstairs where they were taken later, sometimes in just knickers and bra but usually just out of focus and fully dressed!

Anyway, these are a few from the early days just to start the ball rolling and then we must decide which others you will want to publish.

R. M. A.





Out Of The Frying Pan

Melissa was there for a whacking.

Saturday Evening at the Head's house. Not at all a nice prospect for Mr Rawling could be a real bugger with his cane and canings at his house were always ten times worse than at school in his study. Because canings at his house, usually on Saturday evenings were unofficial; they were whackings for something you wouldn't want made public. So therefore Mr Rawling could really let fly and however hard he caned you you weren't going to complain, you weren't going to show those weals to your mother. Because although she might be very angry with the Head for marking your bottom like that she would naturally also want to know **why** he had caned you. And then...

He had found out about Melissa and her boyfriend, Greg Brinkley; found out that they had been going out to the old hut in the woods. Melissa didn't know how much he had actually known, by spying perhaps, or whether he had simply guessed, but anyway he had gone to see Greg and managed to force a confession out of him and made him produce a signed statement as to what they had been doing. Then he had seen Melissa in his study, showing her what Greg had written.

That had been really awful, reading what Greg had said. And then Mr Rawling's gloating voice: 'By rights I should report this matter to your mother; show her this disgusting statement.' His creepy hand had squeezed the back of Melissa's knee as she stood at the side of his desk. 'What do you think, Melissa?' And then as the creepy hand crept up, the alternative.

Quite simply of course Mr Rawling liked caning girls. Big girls that was — Sixth and Upper Sixth Formers — and naturally ones who were pretty and shapely best of all. Melissa had felt really awful as she stood there trying to take no notice of his busy hand. He was almost licking his lips, knowing she had no choice, knowing he was going to get what he wanted. Her mother would go berserk if she found out about Greg.

'Saturday Evening, at my house. Eight o'clock and don't be late.'

Melissa had gulped. She knew about Saturday evening at Mr Rawling's house. Knew the rumour and more than that she knew for a fact because her friend Charlotte had had one of those secret canings at his house, last year in the Lower Sixth. Melissa had seen Charlotte's bottom the day afterwards and it still, 24 hours later, had pretty awful weals on it. He had caught

Charlotte smoking in the loo and had threatened to expel her.

It was three weeks ago now that the Head had said that; 'Saturday evening at my house...' Melissa had thought it would be that Saturday and then it would be over. A sickening whacking but then it would be finished. Well, she had got the caning all right and, yes, it had been pretty dreadful; but then he had said: 'Mmmm...considering the seriousness of this offence, Melissa, I rather think another dose next week.'

That was last Saturday when he had whipped her bare bottom again — and then said the same thing. So here she was, for a **third** time. And maybe he wasn't **ever** going to stop, because he could continue to black-mail her with that letter of Greg's. That was a really horrifying thought: having to do this every Saturday. Cycle over to Mr Rawling's and take her dress off and get bent over the bed up in his bedroom. And then have her knickers pulled down. And then that awful, awful cane that really did make you not want to sit down for the rest of the day.

She had thought about that and then the sudden thought had come that just possibly she could stop this awful train of events — if she could get that letter that Greg had written with all those juicy details of what they had done out in the woods. Could she get it? Because last time Mr Rawling hadn't been in when she got there. He had said he might be out and if so Melissa was to let herself in and get her dress off and wait.

Mr Rawling had said that again this time. He might have to go out and if he was she was to let herself in and get her dress off and wait as before. Last time Melissa hadn't thought of it but now...if he wasn't in and she had a quick look round and maybe found it...

Her heart was really in her mouth when she got to his place. Almost afraid to ring the bell but then making herself...and waiting... A second ring and again no answer. Oh **Cripes!** She shot round the side to where he had showed her he left the key if he went out. Yes! Frantically she grabbed it and ran back. He was out but who knew when he would be back: two minutes...or twenty...?

Inside that eerie feeling that you have in an empty house. Or one you **think** is empty. The sensible thing was to go calmly into each room and make sure. Be **quick**. And then get her dress off like she was supposed to, so she would be ready. And then...**search!**

There **was** no one in. Not Mr Rawling or anyone else lurking and waiting to grab her. Empty, the last rays of the setting sun in the hallway and the front rooms. And the front bedroom where very shortly she would be

over the edge of the bed with her knickers down and the dreadful cane sizzling down. But perhaps it could be the last time. If only...

In the bedroom she took off her dress and laid it on the bed. Keep calm! Just a vest and pants and her school ankle socks and shoes. That was how he wanted her; he had specified it last time and yesterday said wear the same again. No bra, just the vest and also 'Brief pants, Melissa.' She had been wearing those very brief ones when he had had her in his office three weeks ago to show her Greg's letter. Mr Rawling with his hand up her skirt at her bottom had naturally known that. 'Brief pants, Melissa.'

She had a quick glance in his mirror. Her, once again in Mr Rawling's bedroom. Her unbrassiered tits jutting out in the thin vest. She had just about the biggest ones in the school. Last time when Mr Rawling had finished with his cane he had made her take the vest off...

She forced herself into action. **If she could find it...** she crept downstairs again, although there was no need to creep, and into the hallway. A quick scared peek through the net curtain on the door. No, no one coming up the driveway, or as far as she could see in the road. OK, get moving.

In his sitting room there was an attractive looking bureau. As soon as she saw it Melissa was sure that was where the letter was. But the top was closed...and when she tried to open it Melissa found it was locked. She banged at it impotently, even more certain now that the letter was in there. It wouldn't open and there was no key to be seen. A wave of panic rose up in her but she fought it. The letter might not be in there. **Keep looking.**

She examined the pots on the mantle-piece and then investigated the dining room and kitchen. It was nowhere. Melissa felt even more sure it was in that locked bureau but she made herself go upstairs and keep looking. Nothing in two bedrooms. Back finally to the front bedroom, where he caned her. **And there she found it — in a vase on the dresser.** She hadn't thought what she was going to do with it and just then, looking out of the window **there was Mr Rawling coming along the road.**

Really panicking this time Melissa stuck the letter in her dress pocket and folded it over on the bed, then ran downstairs. 'Be waiting in the hallway,' Mr Rawling had said. She stood there, shaking like a leaf. She should have flushed the letter down the loo... Now she could see him, through the net. Unlocking the door...suddenly he was there. Melissa thought she was going to faint.

'Good girl; on time then.' She mumbled 'Yessir.' Mr Rawling's hand round behind, groping at the brief knickers, at her plump bottom.

'I hope I haven't kept you waiting. A girl doesn't want to be kept waiting when her bottom has to be attended to, does she?'

Melissa made a gulping sound. All she could think of was **that letter.** She wasn't even thinking about the dreadful whacking she was very shortly to get, only **that letter.**

'Mmm. Let's go up then, shall we? Let's

deal with **this.**' The hand gave an extra intimate squeeze to 'this'.

Up the stairs again, Mr Rawling close behind her this time. Close behind the ripe rump in the scanty knicks. Melissa biting her lip, not really thinking about what he was doing. In the bedroom it seemed like a magnet. Her dress folded on the bed and it was almost as if he **must** know what was hidden in it. He had only to pick it up and then...

Mr Rawling was getting his cane, from over in the corner. Coming back. 'All set then, Melissa? Get it over with, shall we?'

She mumbled something, not even sure herself what it was meant to be. Mr Rawling sitting down on the bed had slipped his fingers in the narrow sides of her knickers. Sliding them down. His eyes sharp on what was revealed. Then standing. All the time her dress...

'Over the bed then, Miss.' His hand at her bottom guiding her down, in the process grabbing, groping. Melissa bent forward, to lie face down. Next to her dress. If only somehow...she was feeling a bit funny, the room was doing funny things, sort of getting bigger and smaller. She gripped at the bed-clothes.

Crack!...

She gave a groaning grunt into the bed-cover, her bottom jerking sharply. It was a real stinger but even now the fierce pain in her bottom wasn't the only thing. What was she going to do about the dress...?

Crack!!...

A garbled yelp automatically coming out again. If only she had thought to flush it down the loo...or even throw it out of the window. But on the other hand could it possibly remain concealed?

Mr Rawling cracked viciously in again, squarely across the full thrust of the womanly cheeks. Further down this time, the undercurve, below where the other two marks of impact were now standing out bright red against the pale almost white. Another highly satisfying desperate clenching and writhing of the shocked flesh. There was no doubt about it, 17 year old girls **didn't like** the stick across their bare bottoms.

Melissa sat mournfully on the steps of the mouldy old cellar. It was probably full of cockroaches and rats and things. Could it be that she was out of the frying pan into the fire?

At least she wasn't going to that old bugger Rawling's any more on Saturday evenings. For the purpose of getting her bare bottom viciously caned each time. 'I want to ensure the message is properly driven home to you, Melissa.' Pious sentiments in Mr Rawling's prim tones whereas you knew that all he really wanted was to keep on enjoying himself with that cane.

At least she had finally got out of that. Or rather this Mr Cutler had got her out of it. But...it was Mr Cutler who had put her down here in this rotten cellar and locked the door, so things weren't exactly one hundred per cent better. As it happened it was a Saturday again.

Mr Cutler had finally sorted Mr Rawling

out. After her friend Charlotte said. 'You can't go on like this, letting him do that every Saturday.'

'What am I going to bloody **do**, then?' wailed a tearful Melissa. After her own abortive attempt to get the letter Mr Rawling had shown every sign of going on with his Saturday canings **for ever**. And the canings were now even worse than before — if that was possible. He was now mostly doing it in that awful way, Melissa on her back and holding her legs up in the air. 'How can I bloody **stop** him?'

Charlotte said she knew this bloke and she thought he could sort Mr Rawling out, Threaten him or something, 'Put the frighteners on him', which was an expression Charlotte had got from some TV programme. Melissa had been dubious, not knowing this Mr Cutler but Charlotte had told him and it had done the trick. Last Wednesday, presumably after being visited by Mr Cutler Mr Rawling had called Melissa into his study and said that the canings were over. He was satisfied that she had learnt her lesson. Mr Rawling had looked a bit nervous so perhaps this Mr Cutler **had** put the frighteners on.

The only problem was that Mr Cutler now had the letter. Melissa knew this because Mr Cutler had told her. Thursday he was there waiting after school. Charlotte introduced her and he had given them both a lift. He dropped Charlotte off near her house but before dropping Melissa off they went and parked and had a little chat. It was then he said he had the letter. 'Hot stuff, eh!' he grinned.

He meant the letter which Greg had written — what Melissa and Greg had been doing out in the woods and which Mr Rawling had forced Greg to write as a confession before he let Greg off — because he wanted to use it to blackmail Melissa so he could cane her. Which he had been doing for five weeks.

Melissa had flushed when Mr Cutler said that. Greg had been very explicit — presumably Mr Rawling had made him write all the details. Red-faced, she said, 'Can I have it back please? I want to **burn** it.'

But he didn't give it to her. Instead with a little laugh he said, 'All in good time. No hurry.' And then his hand came across and squeezed her knee.

This Mr Cutler was quite a bit younger than the Headmaster and sort of scary looking. You could imagine him scaring the Head, putting the frighteners on him. He had sort of hard eyes, and a moustache. Melissa didn't like that hand on her knee but she didn't feel like simply telling him to take it off.

The hand squeezed and slid up a bit, onto her thigh. 'So you were being a naughty girl out in the woods. I bet your mum'd like to know about that. And that old Headmaster, caning your bare bum every Saturday. A real Dirty Old Man, eh?'

Melissa didn't like this talk at all; nor did she like his hand. 'That's why I want that letter back. I just want to **destroy** it.'

He laughed again. 'All in good time, young lady. You're a real good-looker, aren't

you? And real big knockers too.'

Then his hand came away from Melissa's leg and up to her blazer, to the buttons. She yelped 'Hey!' but he undid the buttons anyway, pulling her blazer open. Before she knew it he had his hand on one of her boobs. This time Melissa did try to push his hand away and she yelped, 'Cut it out.'

The hand wouldn't go away. Mr Cutler said. 'Don't be like that. Just remember what I've done for you.' He squeezed her boob and then he squeezed the other one. 'Mmm, really big ones. I bet that boy Greg really gets the hots for them, eh? I bet all the other boys do as well.'

Melissa, now sitting on the stairs in this rotten cellar, remembered all this and shivered. Out of the frying pan and into the fire? That was Thursday and this was Saturday, two days later. She was in the cellar of some old place that he'd driven her to out in the country.

He had said she had to come with him and of course Melissa **had** to because he had that bloody letter. 'A little drive on Saturday. A nice little drive out in the country.' She had said she couldn't but Mr Cutler said, 'Tell your mum you're going out with that Charlotte.' And that was what Melissa had done, not feeling at all happy after all that feeling up in his car. She had met him in the town as arranged and they had driven off. She didn't know where it was because she had never really been in that direction before. They had gone right out in the country and finally came to this old house. A big house in its own grounds but it seemed to be empty, deserted.

They stopped in the driveway. What were they going to do? Mr Cutler hadn't said anything much on the drive, except say it was a nice day and ask Melissa a bit about school. She didn't really know **anything** about him. Charlotte had just shrugged her shoulders and grinned when Melissa had asked her. Was he a **villain** of some sort like those TV programmes? A **hard man**? Melissa could believe that all right.

They stopped in the driveway of this house and Mr Cutler with a grin had unbuttoned her coat. Her grey top coat, she didn't have her uniform on today. Grinning still his hands had started on at Melissa's big boobs in, today, her thin pink top. Groping. 'Please don't do that,' she had said, shivering. He just laughed and did it anyway.

Then he said he had to go off for a little while on some business. It wouldn't take long and Melissa was to stay at the house. So she would be safe, you never knew if any old tramps or vagrants might be passing by, he would leave her in the cellar, and lock the door.

'Hey!' Melissa squealed when he said this. 'I'm not going to be locked up.' They were by now in the house, in the hallway, and she didn't like the look of the place at all. It was definitely scary, a lot more scary even than when she had been in Mr Rawling's house all by herself frantically searching for that letter. This house was a lot bigger and really sort of derelict. It certainly **could** be a haunt of old tramps and such-like. Not to

mention full of rats and spiders and cockroaches and everything.

Mr Cutler just squeezed her tits again. 'You'll be all right; quite safe down in the cellar with the door locked. And I'm not going to be any time at all.'

That was about half an hour ago. Half an hour since the cellar door had been shut and she heard the lock click. Why had he brought her here anyway? Melissa asked herself that for the thousandth time and her mind could come up with all kinds of answers, a lot of them not very nice ones. Some of them not nice **at all**. She was not looking forward to him coming back...but on the other hand it was really scary down here on her own. There was a light but what if the light went out? What if something happened to Mr Cutler? No one would know where she was, she would just be left. To starve...or maybe the rats would get her.

If she wasn't careful she was going to start crying. Melissa got up, it was better to do something than just sit there. She had already had a look around but you could only go into this one room. There were two other doors but they were locked. What was in them? Rats scurrying around? If she wasn't careful she **was** going to cry. She decided she definitely **did** want him to come. Right away. Whatever he was going to do it was better than being left in this bloody place by herself.

Perhaps that thought, or prayer, was answered. Because not much later she heard footsteps above and then the lock. **Oh Christ!** For a few dreadful seconds, she wondered if it was someone else, some dreadful, horrible old man...

It **was** Mr Cutler. Melissa felt a great wave of relief. He came down the stairs. 'Right; now down to business, eh. Been a good girl, have you?'

Shivering, Melissa said, 'It was really scary in here.' What did he mean, now down to business?

'You see I've decided I've got to take you in hand, young lady. All that running around with boys, it's not right. What you need is discipline. So for a start let's have that skirt off.'

Melissa couldn't believe it, it could almost be Mr Rawling talking except the voice was different. 'What for?' she said.

'You see, that's what I mean, no discipline. If I tell you to do something I want you to do it. Let's try again. Take your skirt off and **snap to it**.'

She did it. What choice was there? Up till now all he'd been doing was grabbing at her tits but now it was discipline. What had that Charlotte got her into? She undid her skirt which was her wrap-around tartan. Slid it off.

Mr Cutler took it from her. 'Nice. Real nice legs and nice sexy little knicks. I like them but I don't know that a 17-year-old schoolgirl should be wearing that sort of thing. I suppose it's to get those boys excited, eh? Get them all horny.'

Blinking, Melissa shook her head. He was just trying to torment her. Mr Cutler was hanging her skirt up, on a nail or something. Then coming back.

'Right, let's have you standing up nice

He gave her six, as he had on the previous Saturdays. No need to overdo it, because he intended to go on enjoying this heady pleasure for...well, indefinitely. Sexual immorality was the worst crime when you were at a respectable girls' school and there was no doubt whatsoever that her mother would agree — as the girl well knew. So now he'd got his nice little hold on her why **not** continue to drive that message home every Saturday evening? It was for her own good. But six was enough, because he **did** cane rather hard.

Melissa struggled to her feet. Her poor bottom felt like it was **on fire**. But even so...

'Is that going to make you think more about the error of your ways?' Melissa produced a stammered 'Yes sir'. She wasn't actually crying but her breathing was all haywire, all gaspy. Mr Rawling was sitting on the bed and had turned her round. Closely examining what he had done to her bottom.

He got to his feet. 'Take your vest off, Melissa.'

Like last time. Obediently she pulled it over her head. Her ripely jutting breasts bare, raised by her lifted arms and then settling just a little as she brought her arms down. Mr Rawling's hands...

'You see, you're a big girl now, Melissa, and big girls have to learn to be responsible with their bodies.' The hands were at her big boobs, moulding them. Mr Rawling very red in the face. 'Not creeping off to secret corners and doing all those disgraceful things.'

She shivered. Her bottom was still killing her and his hands squeezing her boobs was inevitably doing things too. Her nipples had stiffened up. And at the same time there was what was going to happen shortly.

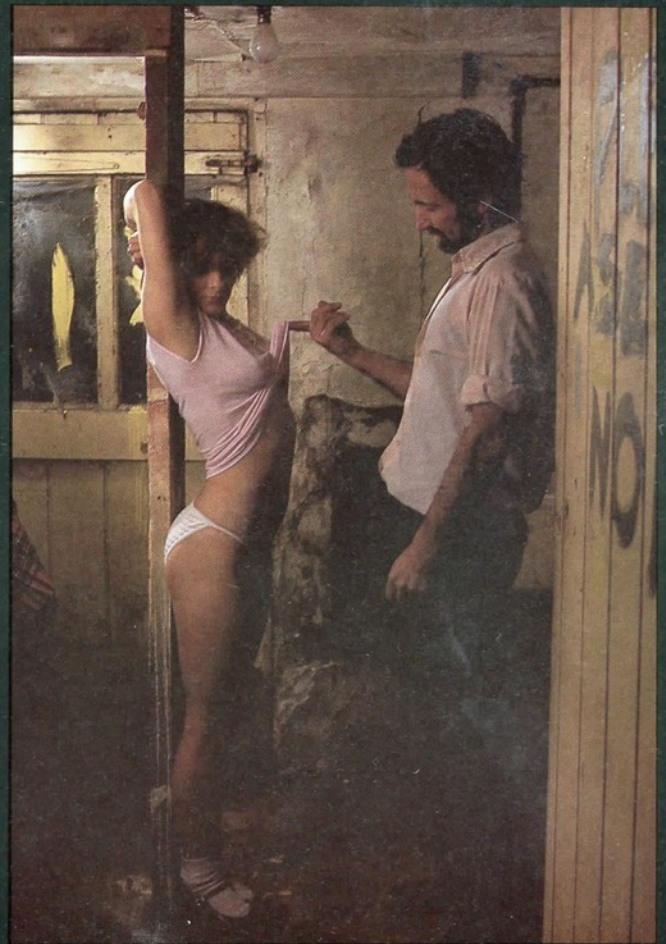
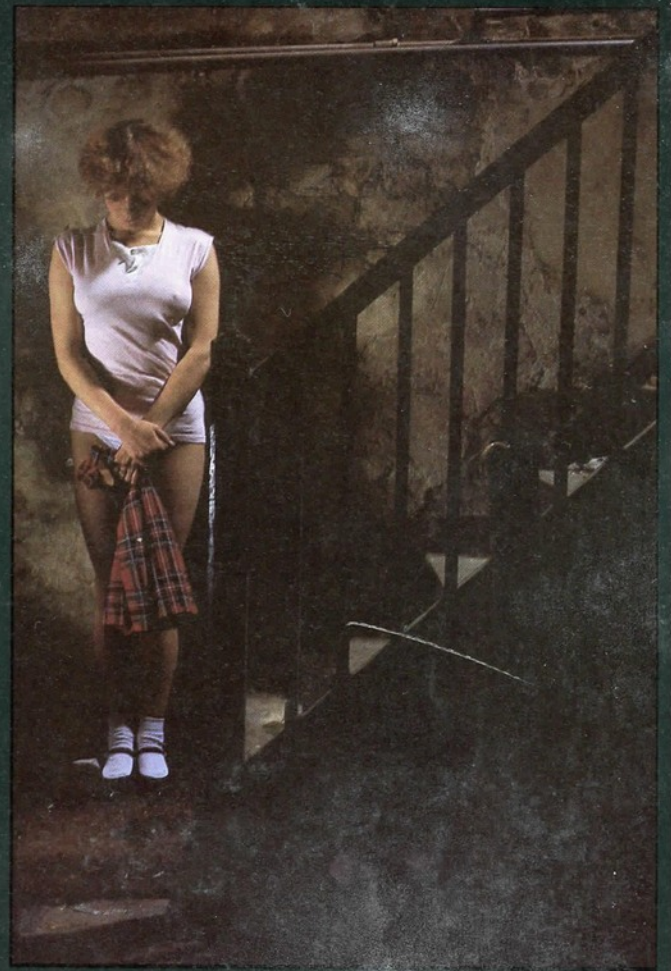
He finished his squeezing. 'All right, get your clothes on.'

The moment of truth, as they called it. For some seconds Melissa felt paralysed, unable to move, her mind unwilling to act. And then...she dragged up her knickers...Picked up her knickers...Picked up her vest and began to pull it on. If she lifted her dress ever so carefully and maybe turned away from Mr Rawling for a moment...maybe it wouldn't fall out and maybe it wouldn't show that it was in the skirt pocket. Maybe she just **might**...

Then...it was like being in one of those awful dreams where things happen but you are frozen and just can't do anything. Mr Rawling was reaching out for her dress...and picking it up. He had picked it up by the skirt and as he lifted it the letter slowly fell out. As she watched it seemed to take an age to fall the few inches onto the bed. And then another age as Mr Rawling reached out and picked up the letter.

He didn't seem angry, just sort of gloating. Because of course, apart from all those other Saturdays that were to come, it did give him a marvellous excuse to have another go at her right now.

This time he made her take her knickers completely off and lie on the bed, on her back. And lift her legs and grip them behind the knees. He said it was a special position for a nasty, sneaky girl.



and straight.' He moved her over to this post and backed her up against it. 'Nice and straight and raise your arms.'

He was lifting her arms and making her hold the post behind her head. Melissa could feel her knees quaking. The position he'd put her in made her tits stick right out. She gave a shivery gasp as Mr Cutler took hold of them in both hands.

'You see just because you've got these big things you think you're grown-up and can do what you want. What you need is someone to remind you that you're just a school-girl and make you toe the line. That Headmaster had the right idea but of course he shouldn't be caning you out of school.'

The hands were squeezing, kneading. 'What I want is for you to **agree** that I'm going to do the disciplining. Regular Saturday sessions, and we might do a bit in the evenings as well. You agree to that and that letter stays nice and quiet. OK?'

She was out of the frying pan into the fire. She was in exactly the same position as she'd been with bloody Rawling.'

'OK?' he said again. One of his hands at her tits let go and slid down. Melissa yelped as it gripped the crotch of her brief knickers. 'Keep your hands up,' he rasped.

Her breath gasped out, her hips squirmed. 'Yes, a growing girl's got to be

disciplined. Otherwise this thing'll have her running really wild.'

A little while later he was unlocking one of those doors, Mr Cutler groping at her bottom as he ushered her in. 'This'll be our training room. Where we'll get you nice and trained and disciplined.'

A medium-sized room not quite as delapidated as that room outside. It had a couple of armchairs, a straight-backed chair. And a bed.

'Quite snug eh? Now first of all I'm going to do what that Headmaster did. I'm going to cane your bum, just to get you started off on the right track.'

Maybe it was some kind of awful dream, Melissa thought. Mr Cutler grabbing at her knickers, pulling them down. Taking them right off. Then helping her onto the bed, on her back like Mr Rawling had done. Making her lift her legs, hold the backs of her knees.

Sitting on the side of the bed he was stroking the backs of her thighs. 'A touch of the cane first and then we'll have some hard exercising. Hard running on the spot and that sort of thing. Something to make you really sweat, that's what a girl your age needs.'

His hand slid up, or rather, in the position Melissa was in, down. 'Hard exercise to take a girl's mind off this thing.'



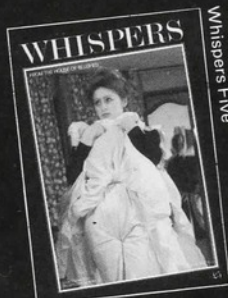
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On probation.
Parental lamentation.



The Crammer.
Sent to Bed.
Spanking initiation.



Bent bumper,
smacked bum! An
older woman and a
teenager's bottom.



Hard Times.
Hard Lines.
Hard Chimes.



Maid to measure.
Caned in the 'Inner
Circle'. Fund Raising
Activities.

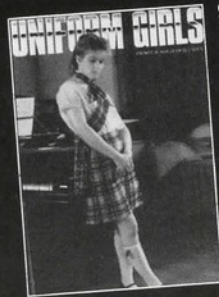
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